

THE HONORABLE JAPANESE FAN



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Pilgrimages are dreadfully tiresome long-drawn-out affairs! Miss Open Sea was busy from morning till night leading grandfather from shrine to shrine. No doubt the white object in her hand is money wrapped in paper, as grandfather insisted all offerings should be wrapped.

# THE HONORABLE JAPANESE FAN

By  
MARGARET T. APPLGARTH  
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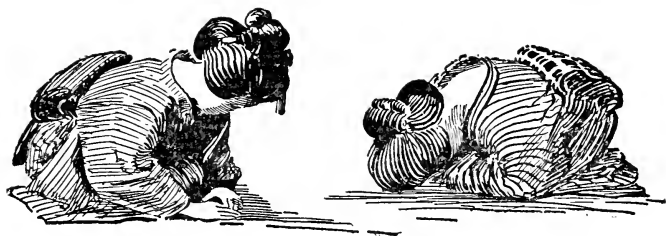
When Rough River and Miss Open Sea sit down to dinner you will notice how comfortably they tuck their heels under them (each like a human letter Z!) and how expertly they pick up all their food with chop-sticks. There is no regular dining-room table: everybody has his or her own separate tray, and it is only in families who have adopted the Christian's way that mothers eat at the same time as fathers and children with parents.

## FOREWORD

Here we have a story, a study book and program material for Junior Societies all in one.

Miss Applegarth will tell you in a pamphlet entitled, "Suggestions for Junior Leaders" just how to use the material in the book to the best advantage. She will give a series of programs for lesson meetings and another of dramatic programs, which will help American boys and girls to understand Japan better than some of the grown-up people do. Japan sends us so many beautiful, useful things. The very best gift in the world that we can send to Japan and the one she needs most is the gospel of Jesus shown in the lives and teaching of the men and women who have gone out there for His sake. Your own Mission Board has sent some of these. There are some fine Japanese Christians too who are doing great work for their own country. If you study this book study also the stories of your own missionaries in Japan.

*Chairman of Central Committee on  
the United Study of Foreign Missions.*



## WANTED: A FAN!

**N**OT very long ago a Japanese girl came to America to attend one of our large colleges. She became a great favorite and whenever vacation times arrived she was sure to have many delightful invitations to stay with her various classmates. It was on one such occasion that she heard her friend's young brother speak of having gone somewhere with a baseball fan.

"Oh, I did not know that fans were popular in America, too!" she said. "In Japan we have *ogi*, a folded fan, an *uchiwa*, an open fan with a handle; but I have no idea what a baseball fan may look like."

"It looks like I look!" the boy smiled, "for I'm getting to be a regular fan, myself, you see."

Because she could hardly be expected to understand such a curious new expression, offhand, everybody in the room began offering explanations: "A fan is a person utterly devoted to some pursuit, such as baseball or football or movies." "A fan knows all that there is to be known about the players and their various records." "Neither rain nor shine makes a particle of difference to fans, they are always present to cheer when there is a victory and to be equally loyal over defeats." "No fan will ever believe a single word of criticism." "Fans keep posted on all the latest news." "They never tire of trying to interest everybody else."

"In other words, a fan is an enthusiast," her room mate said.

"Enthusiast," the Japanese girl repeated softly, as she turned to the dictionary and read: "Enthusiast—derived from two Greek words, *en* and *theos*, meaning God-in-you."

"Isn't it a perfectly beautiful word?" she cried. "Oh, how I wish there could be a special Japanese Fan like that! Someone utterly devoted to learning about my country; someone who would cheer over all the wonderful things we have done; someone who

would not believe a single word of criticism; someone who would keep posted on all the latest news about us and try to interest everybody else; someone who, rain or shine, would never tire of saying, 'Let me help to put God-in-you.' ”

But, as a matter of fact, if she could only visit our Junior societies this year, surely she would feel that her wish was coming true: for this little book has been written especially to turn each of you into an HONORABLE JAPANESE FAN.





## I. THE BASKET THAT OPENED A DOOR.

**T**HE basket stood on a table.

The table stood in a house.

The house stood in Brookline, Massachusetts.

And it was almost one hundred years ago, with a lady walking up the front steps to attend a sewing-bee. You would not suppose that a mere basket on a table in America could help open any door in Japan, but—

You see, there was the lady walking up those front steps to attend that sewing-bee! The minute she reached the parlor she spied the basket and picked it up, exclaiming: "I never saw a basket like this in all my life, isn't it charming? Where in the world did it come from?"

How hostesses do love appreciative guests! You are to picture that gratified lady of long ago seating herself in her chair with her old-fashioned skirts billowing around her until she looked like a little island in the midst of black taffeta waves: "Well, it's this way, when you have a husband who is a merchant like

Mr. Ropes, his ships bring home all sorts of things from the ends of the earth, and that basket came from Japan."

"*Japan?* Why I don't know a thing about Japan, do you?"

"Nobody does! Mr. Rope's merchantmen say that it's a hermit nation, closed against all outsiders; indeed, there are the most frightful placards in the streets warning the Japanese against all foreigners!" And I think she may have read aloud a copy of the placards:

*"So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God of All, if he violate this command shall pay for it with his head!"*

"Dear me! Dear me!" gasped the sewing-circle, gazing at the basket which was no longer just a basket to them, for suddenly they imagined faraway, almond-shaped eyes watching those selfsame strands of bamboo as slender gold-tinted fingers wove the curious patterns; so they fell to wondering and wondering—and wishing and wishing—and praying and praying. So that what started out to be a sewing-bee became a prayer circle which

met regularly month after month, year after year, to pray that God would send the light of the gospel to heathen Japan. Which was a beautiful thing for those ladies to do, but they felt that it was not enough—they must also be ready to enter the door when it opened.

So they began giving their money, saving it in a hundred quiet little ways, until I dare say that many a last year's poke bonnet did duty for two seasons, and many a quaint billowy skirt was "turned," and many a Christmas plum pudding never got cooked! For would you believe it? Those few Brookline ladies of long ago paid over \$600 into the treasury of their Congregational mission board! But it was so many years before any work could be started in Japan that the money lay quietly in a bank gathering interest in that delightful fashion of money-in-banks, so that when the time to spend it finally arrived, the sum had actually grown to be \$4104.23! You must admit that no other basket in all the world has ever led to such a result.

And all those years Japan was just as hermetically sealed as ever! Those Brookline ladies prayed, but they never had the slightest inkling that anything was happening in answer



Little Mr. Left Hand End Man has lost one of his wooden *geta*. You can see it lying over on its side, which the entire quartet considers an immense joke, especially when they are going to have their picture taken to go to America and want to look unusually stylish!



to their prayers in the faraway land where warning boards still forbade any Christian to enter or any Japanese to leave. But things *were* happening, such simple things that you would not suppose anything could possibly come of them: for instance there was the book that fell overboard—there was a kernel of rice—there was an attack of measles—there was a geography primer—there was a shipwreck. Such insignificant events (all but the shipwreck, of course!), for thousands of persons have dropped things overboard, but as far as I know nothing else has ever helped to open a door as this Book did; for one morning, in the year 1854, a Japanese fisherman found it in his net.

“It is not a fish!” said he, wisely wagging his poor old head, so he carried it to Wakasa Murata, commander of the Japanese troops guarding that harbor. After considerable inquiry, he learned from an interpreter that the Dutch words told about a “Living God”; completely mystified, Wakasa Murata sent over to China hoping he might get this same Book in a language which he could understand. When a copy finally reached him, he and his brother Ayabe and a relative named Motono

could be found day after day reading it in a spellbound fashion, hardly daring to believe this marvel of the God-named-Jesus. For eight secret years they read and studied until they could not help but believe; and by that time there was somebody in Japan ready to teach them more fully, as you soon shall hear.

Then, right in this same chain of circumstances which opened the door, came the three Japanese sailors shipwrecked off the coast of Oregon, where a tribe of American Indians kept them in captivity until they were rescued and sent to China, where Dr. S. Wells Williams befriended them, taking this God-given chance to learn Japanese and start translating the gospel of Matthew. Dr. Williams tried several times to return the poor sailors to their homes in Japan, but the Emperor's edict was binding: *death to any Japanese who travels abroad; death to any shipwrecked man returning to his own country*. Dr. Williams simply continued his lessons in Japanese, therefore!

Just about this same time there was Nee-sima, his idol, his seed, his measles, and his geography primer. The idol came first, when he was still a small boy. He had had his doubts about it all along; it seemed very odd



to him that *he* could walk-and-run-and-wave-his-arms-and-talk-and-see, whereas the god to whom he prayed never budged from the kamidana, never blinked so much as an eyelash, never uttered a single word, never could pick himself up if he fell from the godshelf. The little maid servant must do it—just *any* stupid little maid servant.

“I will prove whether he is god!” said Neesima rashly, and dug a hole in his garden. He planted the idol deep down, and covered him over with earth. “If you can help yourself out of that hole, then you are able to help me! Otherwise, why should I worship you?”

So he waited and watched, waited and watched, until one exciting morning when the tiniest green spear came poking its head through the earth. Neesima knelt down and gently pried the earth loose until he discovered that it was not the idol at all, but a kernel of grain on his wooden palm which had sprouted! “The seed is greater than the god!” Neesima cried, and never worshipped the idol again. But naturally he wondered many things about nature, even after he grew old enough to be sent to a naval academy. And then came the spell of measles. He had to

leave school; but one day at a friend's house he found a Chinese translation of a geography primer written by an American. The opening sentence astonished him beyond words: "*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.*"—had he not always wondered about clouds and clods and kernels of rice? He must certainly find this God-Who-Made-Heaven-And-Earth. No doubt His shrine was in America where the writer lived. Very well, he must go to America!

But it meant death for a Japanese subject to dare leave Japan. Yet Neesima thought it worth the daring; so he ran away to Hakodate, caught a ship for Shanghai, and there found a boat bound for Boston. Neesima wrote of that voyage: "Every night after I went to bed I prayed to God: Please! don't cast me away into miserable condition. Please! let me reach my great aim."

Neesima reached his great aim. For the owner of that boat was Mr. Alpheus Hardy, who was so interested in this plucky boy that he adopted him as his own son and paid his way through Amherst College where Neesima wrote him the following letter: "I am very thankful to you. You relieve me, but I can't



When the rain sings a Spring Song in Japan, this is the way the music of it looks! Even those of you who can not play on the piano can read the notes quite easily.



show to you my thankfulness with my words. But I do at all times bless to God for you with this prayer. Let me be civilized with Bible."

Mr. Hardy also sent his Japanese son through Andover Theological Seminary, and the day before Neesima sailed home to Japan he was given a big farewell meeting. He stood in the pulpit and pleaded: "Upon this platform I stand until you give me the money to erect a college in which I may teach my poor fellow-countrymen of God, the Living God, for whom their souls cry out!"

You could have heard a pin drop. Then a man arose and promised a thousand dollars. Others made pledges until he sailed back with over five thousand dollars to found a school at Kyoto, famous far and wide today—the Doshisha University. Joseph Hardy Neesima was the gift of God to Japan!

But before he returned, another wonderful thing had been happening in Japan which made it possible for an exile to re-enter the country. It began on the eighth day of July, in 1853, when there was a tremendous booming of guns as Commodore Perry steamed into Yeddo Harbor with four American battleships. He utterly refused to leave or to deal with any

subordinate until he had delivered (with much pomp and ceremony) into the hands of the Emperor himself a treaty of friendship and commerce from the President of our United States. In spite of the fact that "Trade" was his reason for coming, you will be proud to know that when Sunday morning dawned and Japanese officials wanted to visit his flagship, he told them that callers could not be received, as it was the day when Americans worshipped God. A Bible was laid on the Stars-and-Stripes, the ship's band played "Old Hundred," and all the American sailors sang lustily:

*"Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and He destroy."*

Of course the crowds on shore, and the throngs in the little fishing-junks which dotted the harbor, could not understand the words, but aren't you thrilled to think that they heard their first Christian hymn from our warship? And who do you suppose acted as interpreter between the Japanese and the Americans? Who but Dr. Williams with his rare knowledge of Japanese learned from three

shipwrecked sailors! After Commodore Perry had delivered his letter, he sailed away promising to return the next year in order to give the Japanese plenty of time to think about it.

The following year he returned with ten ships and many marvelous presents from the President of the United States—there was a telegraph line which American operators erected, so that the astonished Japanese heard messages sent through space in their own language! But even more fascinating was the little railway train, with its rosewood car, its tiny velvet seats, its real windows which slid up and down, its baby engine which flew around the track a mile in three minutes! "These Americans!" gasped the Japanese. They politely sent return presents to the President; they gave dinners and parties to the American officers; and on March 31, 1854, the precious treaty was signed, opening two ports to American trade and allowing an American consul to live in Japan. Four years later this splendid consul, Mr. Townsend Harris, negotiated for the opening of two more ports and arranged that missionaries should be permitted to practice their own religion on Japanese territory.

For scarcely had the ink dried on the first treaty than a number of missionaries courageously entered the land, in spite of those dire warning-boards (indeed, it was not until 1873 that the Emperor signed a decree to remove the placards which had been in Japan for over two hundred and fifty years!) But you must not suppose that it was easy to live there; all sorts of dangers and hatreds surrounded each hour of their lives. They saw the mark of a cross traced in the streets so that people could viciously trample upon it and show their dislike of the foreign religion. None but the pioneers knew quite how dangerous those hatreds were or how they were hampered at every turn, not allowed to sell their Christian books or to hold meetings openly—even the quietest of services were broken up by furious mobs outside throwing stones through the paper windows. One missionary picked up *two hundred and eighty-five* stones in his front room after one congregation had been forced to leave through the back door. People in America kept writing that it was evidently going to be utterly impossible to do *anything* in such a hostile land, so please come home. But that is not the stuff such heroes are made of!







Every once in a while people rub the God-of-Healing so often in a certain spot that they actually wear away his nose or his jaws or his ears: for all the Boys-With-Mumps rub *his* jaws, then their own jaws, and all the deaf grannies rub *his* ears, then their own ears. This old lady, for instance, evidently has headaches, for you will notice how she rubs her brow, but a moment ago she undoubtedly rubbed the idol's forehead.

Do you see the pathetic little offerings from sick patients—at least two aprons round his neck? A necklace in one hand and a bag in the other? But, alas! alas! you and I cannot help but know that this unsanitary rubbing is an astonishingly easy way to *spread* disease and infection instead of curing it.

Nothing seemed to daunt them, not even the difficulty of finding someone willing to teach them the language, for many of those who secretly came to teach were bitterly persecuted by their families, and one of Dr. Hepburn's teachers confessed to him afterwards: "I only came because I thought it would give me a good chance to kill you!"

This Dr. Hepburn is a man whose name you must surely remember, for in spite of all these language hardships he made the Japanese-English and English-Japanese dictionaries which stand today like monuments to his bravery, his patience, and his wonderful scholarship. It was Dr. Hepburn and Dr. Samuel R. Brown who made the first workable translations of the Bible; and a third man, Dr. Guido Verbeck, became the teacher of young nobles who were to remake Japan. For you have not forgotten the Bible fished out of the water, have you? It was to Dr. Verbeck that Wakasa Murata and the two other nobles came with their eager questions:

"Sir," said Mr. Murata, "I cannot tell you my feelings when I first read of the character and work of Jesus Christ. I had never seen, heard of, or imagined such a person. I was

filled with admiration, overwhelmed with emotion, taken captive by the record of His nature and His life. My brother Ayabe and I wish to be baptized."

This baptism had to be secret, owing to the dangers of publicly joining a new religion at that time. It was Ayabe who came to Dr. Verbeck one night and warned him of peril to himself and his family unless they left Japan at once. Only this friendly precaution saved their lives, for they stayed in China until the serious trouble was over. Then Dr. Verbeck returned and with noble knights of the Samurai class (such as Wakasa and Ayabe) he started a college which has now become the great Imperial University; in those early days it was smaller, of course, but Dr. Verbeck was such a power that the ruling men of Japan always came to ask his advice; he translated works of international law for them, and suggested that the Japanese government should send commissions around the world to study other civilizations.

But before these travelers came back with their glowing reports, missionaries were still under suspicion, as this gentle (?) missive will show you:

“To the four American Barbarians,  
Davis, Gordon, Learned, and Green;

“We speak to you who have come with words that are sweet in the mouth but a sword in the heart, bad priests, American barbarians, four robbers! Japan being truly flourishing excellent country, in ancient times when Buddhism first came to Japan those who brought it were killed; in the same way you must be killed.

(Signed): “Patriots in the peaceful city of Kyoto; Believers in Shinto.”

Yet it was these suspected, hampered missionaries who laid the foundations of Japan's splendid public school system and her modern medical education. Through thick and thin, through fire and foe, they knew they were not alone,—there was He who said “Lo, I am with you always.”

When you look at the map of Japan you will see that she is our nearest neighbor on the west, so we really ought to learn all we can about her 4000 small islands stretching like a string of tassels, half-moon-shape, along the Pacific Ocean. And if you look even harder you can easily imagine that the islands are the scales of some giant dragon sunning itself along the entire east coast of Asia, with Yezo

as its head and its tail way down south in Formosa. The name Japan came from the Chinese word "Jip-pun", which means the Place-Where-The-Sun-Comes-From; and the snow-white flag with its big red disk in the center is only another way of saying "The Land of The Rising Sun." Those were busy days when the hermit dragon first began to stir itself awake---

In a land of chop-sticks, the people looked with horror at a missionary's meal: "Just see these white barbarians, they cut their food with *daggers* and carry it to their mouths with *pitchforks!*" But in the course of time the missionary was really the best kind of a drummer, his books and his watches and clocks, were all envied; the street-cars, the railroads, the telegraph poles from his home-land were copied, and set up all over Japan; and as for his schools—the Emperor issued an edict that all children under twelve must go to school; so government school-houses sprang up like mushrooms almost overnight, and little Mr. and Miss Japan began to learn about the wide, wide world.

It was simply colossal what the Japanese did in those few short years after the first commissions came home from their travels: "Now

that we have stopped being hermits, we must become like the rest of the world *at once*," they seemed to say. What took Europe five hundred years to accomplish, Japan did in fifty years! They were so open-minded in choosing the best in each nation to copy; they were so patient at it; they were so clever in adapting everything to their own race; they were so desperately in earnest. But down underneath all their engineering feats and their educational strides and their commercial relationships they overlooked our best gift of all. They left it uncopied!

For they did not understand our *religion*. They did not see how, for long long years, it has been making our laws, safeguarding our homes, and gladdening our lives to have the Living God as an everyday Friend. Their emperor is a god to them. They say that he traces his descent from the sun-goddess, and loyal Japanese subjects feel that any new religion would make them unpatriotic. But you and I know that Christianity helps everyone to be a far better citizen and patriot, and when they learn this, they welcome it gladly. But meanwhile their misunderstandings bring

daily sighs to the lips of our missionaries. Although we make them sigh, too.

"One flight up, please!"

Perhaps that does not sound discouraging to you, but the Man-Who-Waited-Fifteen-Years dislikes to say it. Years ago his denomination sent him to Japan to preach, so he *has* preached: Indoors and outdoors. In groups of two. In shops. In parks. But especially "One flight up, please!"—for the only church he could afford was a little rented place upstairs, a shabby little "one-room-front" which only rats could enjoy.

The superior Japanese laughed a little up their sleeves at such a "cheap" religion: their own temples were all gorgeous lacquered pillars, great booming bells and priests in yellow brocade robes. The Man-Who-Waited-Fifteen-Years sent home his annual reports apologizing for the somewhat scanty showing: "Our dingy rented chapel makes a poor impression on these beauty-loving people. But I will do the best I can until you can afford to build a church."

So he did the best he could. Which was very good. For in hundreds of quaint little homes he was welcomed; he sat on matting floors to



explain the Jesus-religion until, one by one, new converts joined the church that was one flight up. He waited and waited and waited for fifteen long years, until one wonderful day when word came: "You may build! We have the money!" He loved every nail. He loved every board. He even loved the sawdust! He could hardly wait for his first service. But would you believe it? When he had just begun to enjoy the finished building, his denomination wrote that they were sending over a new missionary, it would be best for him to start with a well-established church and congregation, so they were assigning him to the new church building, which made it possible for the wise-and-understanding older missionary to move into unreached territory to begin neglected work.

"And wait another fifteen years for another church in another city?" you gasp. "Oh, that's not fair!"

No, not fair to him; but so very fair to Japan. For it is full of countless cities, towns, and villages which not a Christian teacher has ever visited, where the very name of Jesus is unknown. So in one of those cities the Man-Who-Waited-Fifteen-Years is now waiting all

over again. Yes, the doors of Japan are wide open at last: but we don't go into them quickly enough.

One novel "door-enterer" is the big white ship of the Inland Sea, the "Fukuin Maru." Up and down those sapphire seas it flits, from island to island, stopping for services at over four hundred villages hidden away in the folds of green hillsides, where little kimono-clad children come skipping down to the water's edge crying: "The Jesus-Ship has come to town!" There are no Sunday-schools more interesting than the forty or more held every week on those picturesque islands, two of the schools held in Buddhist temples and one in the temple of Ebisu Sama, the sailor's special god! Yet twenty-four years ago not a Christian lived on those islands, and the people in their hamlet homes were so prejudiced that the crew had a hard time to land and the sailor-missionary, Captain Bickel, had all he could do to make people listen.

But oh, when they *did* listen! There was the honored school-teacher dismissed from his position for becoming a Christian, disowned by his family, also; but he cheerfully put a pedler's pack on his back and started out to



If these foxes were alive how astonished they would be to have aprons tied like bibs around their necks! Foxes are supposed to be servants of the Goddess-Of-Food, and the worshippers at this shrine were merely trying to make a good impression on *her*—for nobody wants to be hungry, of course.



sell pencils and paper, preaching wherever he went, until he saved enough to go to the theological seminary in Yokohama. There was old Ode San, an ignorant jinrikisha-puller, who said that now that he knew this good news he must hurry back to his native village to preach! But since he could not write, could read the Bible only by spelling out each word, and spoke very crudely, Captain Bickel was really somewhat dismayed at having him the *first* Christian in that little town. Three months later, however, the captain received a card saying: "Come preach." So he went, and there was an audience of *four hundred* waiting for him! How did Ode San do it? Oh, he had gone to a house where a sick man lay and offered to help the little wife in any way he could—he drew water from the well, he chopped wood. Then he visited all the other sick people in town, helping them in the same way, preaching by kindly acts and simple words, so that when he called a meeting four hundred of his townsmen gladly came. He has spoken personally to nearly 60,000 persons since his conversion and has opened up four islands where the gospel ship is welcomed! Do you wonder the captain called him "Old Pilgrim's Progress"?

There were also the man and his wife on a barren hillside farm who set aside their best field for the "Sunday field," for all the crops from it were to be sold and given for the spread of the gospel. And besides these wonderful Christians, there were the faithful Bible women who at this very moment are still traveling from village to village in all weathers to conduct Sunday-schools and tell the story of Jesus to household after household.

Not a missionary in all Japan but has been brought face to face with the thought which startled Captain Bickel one night when he asked a member of his crew to carry a Bible to a certain man.

"No, no, captain, he doesn't need it yet. Just now *you* are all the Bible he has; he is watching you, captain. As you fail, Christ fails. As you live Christ, Christ is revealed to him." The captain did not sleep that night, remembering that as he lived, Christ lived, not only to that one man's soul, but in that house, that town, and in four hundred other villages.

In ways like these the "door" is being entered. Yet for such a little country, Japan is big with problems, although I think the busi-

est missionaries take time off to wax poetical about the lovely sights they see:—

“Some countries are just *land*, but Japan is fairyland just now with its rosy avenues of cherry trees!”

“Do look at Fujiyama with its pure white cone of dazzling snow like an inverted fan against the sky-line! No wonder the beauty of it has sunk into the very soul of this race and made them all artists.”

“Oh, these charming little tip-roofed houses with their sliding paper walls!”

“And these cunning little gardens in the rear—mere pocket-handkerchief-size, yet look at the miniature lake! the astonished grandfather goldfish! the quaint little bridge! the old stone lantern!”

“Don’t forget those gnarled dwarf pine-trees edging turquoise seas where all the brown-sailed fishing-junks sail into the sunset!”

“But it’s the checkerboard country landscapes that appeal to me the most! For every possible inch of Japan seems to be divided into little patchwork farms, until the whole land looks like a scrapbag counterpane of green and yellow and silver—”

“Yes, doesn’t it? The gold of ripening grain—”

"Those thousand shades of green from deepest pines to tenderest new rice—"

"And as for the silvery sheen of the paddy fields—"

"You know, in certain lights those flooded fields and terraces look like giant looking-glasses cracked into bits, and spotted all over with tufts of rice stubble!"

"I can't help being impressed with the long stone steps climbing up each hillside to a quaint old Buddhist temple."

"I know! Don't you wish you could paint those tipped-up curving temple roofs?"

"Indeed I do! Blue-gray they are, as if flights of brooding doves had settled down with their wings not yet quite folded."

"It's sashes, kimonos and fans that catch my eye!"

"Yes, all these picturesque people—"

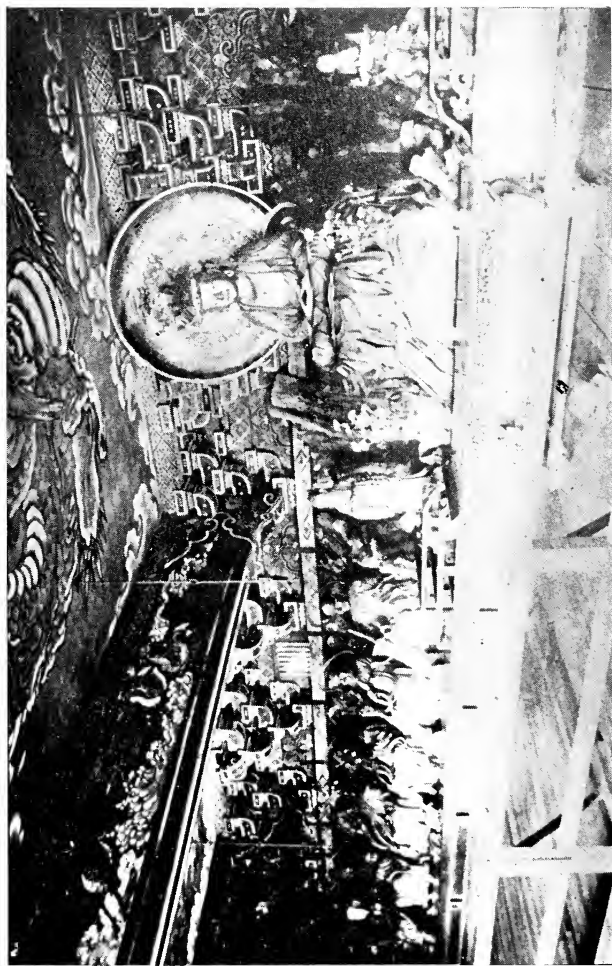
"Oh! *people!*"

Which brought them all back where they started—the problem of winning and helping and saving.

And all this time, just as if not a missionary had ever landed, there was young Mr. Rough River and his sister, Miss Open Sea. Especially Miss Open Sea.







In the sky-blue ceiling of many a Buddhist temple, Miss Open Sea saw great gold dragons swishing their golden-painted tails and snapping at the sun; while underneath, a row of Buddhas sit in calm, unblinking silence.

# CONFERRING THE DOOR

## HONORABLE FANS

*can you remember—*

1. how a basket helped to open a door?
2. what the warning placards said?
3. about the book fished out of the water?
4. how Nazima found God?
5. what Commodore Perry did to open the door wide?
6. the names of three brave pioneers in Japan?
7. the general shape of Japan?
8. the design on her flag?
9. what worries our missionaries?
10. the verses found in Rev. 3:8?
11. the words of "The Morning Light is Dawning?"





## II. ON THE WINGS OF A PAPER PRAYER

**I**T was not turning out to be any sort of a pilgrimage, and Miss Open Sea was a little cross about it. If you look at her picture you can see the scowl for yourself: she really had not wanted to come anyhow, and now, to have this upsetting ending was really too much.

But poor old grandfather felt even more discouraged. Indeed, I think you can see from the wrinkled perplexity of his kind old face that he was wondering what in the world to do next. He propped his head on his staff—but it did not rest him as it should have done, for the mere feel of the wood reminded him of his precious *lost* staff, this slim makeshift affair was a branch he had stripped of its twigs and its bark that very morning. But his cherished pilgrim's staff, who had it now? Who? Who?

"And your white pilgrim's kimono?" wailed Miss Open Sea. "Oh, I don't see how anyone dared to steal *that*, not with all the red marks stamped on it by the priests showing the tem-

ples where you have been. And to think of leaving you only this old patched affair! Rub your fingers over the patches, grandfather—aren't they disgraceful?"

The old gentleman rubbed. And sighed. It was simply unbelievable! Why he had worn that pilgrim's kimono on all of his trips, he had worn it up Fujiyama 'way back in the days when he could still see—he remembered yet how the little bells at his waist had tinkled and tinkled and tinkled as he toiled up the steep mountain-side; he remembered the sunrise service at the summit where, as the solemn red sun sailed up the rose-colored sky, each pilgrim piously went through the Ritual of the Six Senses (sight, hearing, tasting, smelling, loving, feeling) and the Exorcism of the Nine Strokes (five horizontal and four vertical to show the offensive and defensive attitude of the faithful Buddhist toward the powers of evil). Ah me! he even remembered how flattered he had felt when the priest put his seal in his pilgrim's book! "You are living wisely, I see! You are gaining merit, you have visited many shrines, the gods will be pleased! When you are an old man you can look at these seals with peace in your heart."





Once upon a time the wind blew a god away! "Bl-o-o-o-o-ow!" roared the gusty breezes, until an entire shrine crashed over and rattled down the hill. That is the reason why stones jack up all wayside shrines, and even wires hold them in place, for idols might take vengeance for such careless treatment. You can easily see some of the things they *do* like in the bowl, brimful of little gifts, also the flowers in his hand, with others in a bamboo vase.



"Open Sea, my child, I *am* that old man already. But the red-stamped pilgrim's robe is no longer mine to gloat over! My pilgrim's book with the seals is not here for me to handle! My pilgrim's staff engraved with the names of the shrines is gone! My child, I cannot prove to gods or to men that I have ever done anything to deserve peace. I am a miserable old man. It is no sort of a pilgrimage."

"That is true, Honorable One!" agreed the pensive Miss Open Sea, wondering who, who, *who* had dared to steal his pilgrim's outfit. "It's because he cannot see very well," she said to herself.

"Everything went wrong from the very beginning," he sighed.

"Yes, right from the day when we went to the shrine of Binzuru, the God of Healing. I guided your fingers so that you could rub Binzuru's eyes and then your own eyes; you really thought you *could* see better then, didn't you?"

"Yes! But I don't know, Open Sea, I don't know! I really don't get the satisfaction from pilgrimages that I used to get. There are so many shrines, and now that I have lost all my proofs about where I have been, I am

afraid I may forget which of the gods I tried to put in a good humor. For we certainly have displeased them somehow. Tell me, Open Sea, did we remember to swallow seven grains of azuki (red beans) and one *go* of saké (rice wine) before the hour of the ox (one to three in the morning) on New Year's Day?"

"Oh yes, grandfather! How else could we keep free from sickness and calamity if we forgot that?"

"Well, I'm just trying to think what we have forgotten. You don't suppose anybody left any footwear outside the house on the night of the winter equinox, do you? It ought to have been thrown away at once, you know, for such shoes shorten your life."

"But we wouldn't forget an important thing like that, Honorable One!"

"I should hope not! But now that I can't see I never know whether things are being done right. How about the third of February? Did the servant girl throw beans out into the garden crying: 'Demons go out and luck come in?'"

"Indeed, she did! She cried so loudly that Bo Chan woke up and the dog barked!"

"Just as it should be! Just as it should be!

Well, let me see now. . . . did your mother cover the well during the eclipse of the sun? For poison certainly drops from the sky during an eclipse."

"Oh yes, she covered it, Venerable One."

The old gentleman leaned his chin on his staff and wondered all over again how such unhappiness could ever have descended on him; he had hoped great things from this pilgrimage; he had met so many other old men seeking just what he was seeking; he kept wishing he could have had Rough River with him,—“Boys are smarter than girls,” nodded grandfather to himself. But Rough River could not be spared from the little farm, and so Miss Open Sea had had to be the one to lead the old man by the hand from shrine to shrine. She had grown tired enough of it the very first day; her little bare feet slipped around on her wooden sandals; nobody combed her hair—and as a matter of fact it *stayed* uncombed during most of the pilgrimage, for grandfather rose with the sun each morning and only stopped traveling with nightfall. The dainty Miss Open Sea was always too sleepy at night to think of her looks, and far too busy by day!

For there was more than you might suppose to do on a pilgrimage. At all the different shrines she had to lead grandfather slowly up the steep stairs, with each new step she could hear more plainly the little bells tinkling on the temple eaves as the wind played through them, and when they had climbed to the lacquered threshold she would say: "Here we are! Time to take off our shoes."

Off they would slip their straw sandals, leaving them outside, to walk barefoot over the great stone flaggings, although sometimes they would wear soft cotton *tabi* (which are mitten-like stockings, with a separate section for the big toe!) Before daring to enter the temple, they always purified themselves by washing their hands and rinsing out their mouths, after which they scattered little offerings of money done up in paper.

"Are you *sure* it is wrapped in paper?" the old blind man would always ask, "you know the gods value money much more highly if it is covered?"

But Miss Open Sea had attended to such an important matter, you may be sure; "pay before you pray" was very necessary for when the priests saw the money they obligingly

struck a big bronze bell with a heavy wooden beam—one loud long stroke suddenly crashed out on the silent air: *Boom!* it vibrated, thrilled, and died down gently to the murmur of drowsy bees; then utter silence; after which another terrific boom, surely quite enough to waken any god in all Japan; Miss Open Sea would lead grandfather into the temple where they knelt down to pray, bowing until their very foreheads touched the ground.

Miss Open Sea knew all about prayers: there were prayers that you *said*, and prayers that you *chewed*, and prayers that you had to *grind*. Spoken prayers were very short, possibly because men could not help seeing that the idol's ears were stone or wood, and in any case it would never do to bore him! Grandfather had more faith in paper prayers; the words were written on a slip of thin rice paper which Miss Open Sea then chewed into a small wet wad.

"Now throw it, Open Sea," the old man ordered, "but mind you throw it straight and aim carefully, for if it sticks....."

Ah yes, how often she had heard it—*prayers that stick will be answered*. It was a busy life for young Miss Open Sea,—a very serious,

solemn life, for reverent little prayers that looked like spit-balls might mean health and happiness for poor old grandfather, who knew? Even when she bought corn to feed the temple pigeons it was because they were messengers of the gods and might take back only good reports of these two dusty pilgrims.

Then there was the prayer wheel, often rather like a coffee grinder: Miss Open Sea would help grandfather put his written prayer in the hopper and guide his hand to the wheel so that he could grind it and grind it and grind it.

"Haven't you turned it enough now?" she would ask every once in a while, eager to move on.

"But the more times the wheel goes around the more credit I will get," he would always answer, feebly revolving it round and round until we can not help remembering a verse in our Bibles which says: "*Ye shall not be heard for your much speaking.*" Doesn't it give you a little glimpse already of how wonderful the Saviour is going to seem to grandfather some day? If only he could have known sooner.....

But meanwhile he had wandered north, south, east, and west, visiting shrine after

shrine. There was Inari Sama, the Goddess of Food, in whose temple courtyard stood stone foxes. Miss Open Sea tied a little apron, like a bib, around the fox god's neck, and bought a fox charm picture to paste above their farmhouse door because the priest assured her it would keep out all evil. Inari Sama is the Goddess of Rice, whose festival comes in March, when farmers pray to her especially for a bountiful rice harvest later.

Then there was Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, with her hundred hands, who listens to the prayers of the unhappy—you may be sure grandfather lost no chance to remind her of *himself*. There was Benten Sama, the Goddess of Good Fortune, one of the Seven Gods of Luck, riding on a dragon. There was Daikoku, the God of Wealth, whom Miss Open Sea could always recognize because of his carved rice bales, always being nibbled by a carved rat! And there was Jizo, the special god for little children, his image always heaped with little pebbles to relieve the dreadful labors of the dear dead children in the other world; for the priests explain that an old hag named Sho-zuka-no-Baba robs the boys and girls of all their clothes and makes them pile

up endless stones on the banks of the river of death—endless, because as soon as they get them piled, the wicked old hag sends demons to tumble them down, so that they have their whole task to do over! Pilgrims on earth tenderly place pebbles on Jigo's lap to help the weary shivering children in the unseen world; Miss Open Sea added her pebble to the pile and thought it was a heart-breaking sight. "Poor mothers!" she sighed, and thought of her own dear O ka San (mother) at home. Big waves of homesickness came over her for a certain thatched farmhouse where little paper lanterns would be bobbing in the breeze, and this very minute her own dear family would probably be—

She blinked the tears away, and I think it was then that the three monkey-gods brought a smile to her face! For there was Mizaru who held his paws over his eyes so that, blind, he could *see* no evil; Kikazaru who covered his ears so that, deaf, he could *hear* no evil; and Iwazaru who clapped his paws over his lips so that, dumb, he could *speak* no evil!

"And a very wise trio they are! I hope you will learn what they teach," said grandfather. Indeed those three monkeys must have had





Several years ago when his family lived in town, Rough River had a most peculiar job: it was just—*turning the shoes around!* For guests must always leave their shoes at the door as they enter a house, the toes pointing indoors, of course. But every polite family sends someone to turn them around the other way, to save the departing guest the bother of turning them around himself.



a great deal to do in turning all Japanese into such paragons of politeness!

Another day they came to the shrine of Kamnosube-no-kami in Kyoto, where grandfather gave a strange smile: "When I was very young," said he, "I was in love, and wanted to make sure that the lady loved me, and so I came here to buy a printed prayer from the priest; he told me just how to roll it into a narrow strip and just how to tie it to the grating before the goddess's shrine, using only the thumb and little finger of my right hand; he warned me that if any other fingers tied the knot or touched the prayer the charm would be broken and the goddess would be deaf. But I guess I was clumsy—"

"Oh, was she deaf?" asked the little girl sympathetically.

"She was!"

"What a pity!" sighed Miss Open Sea, "how often we just miss pleasing the gods, don't we?"

But even she did not know the names of all the forty thousand gods, although one she knew above all others—the god called Buddha.

For there are two religions in Japan: Shintoism and Buddhism, although almost every-

body worships equally in Shinto and in Buddhist temples. Miss Open Sea could easily tell one from the other, because outside the Shinto shrines there always stood a torii—a two-pillared arch with two cross-beams at the top, the upper crosspiece curved slightly upward at both ends. These torii once were “bird rests,” perches for the sacred birds used in the temple worship, but now they are places on which to hang silk or paper offerings. Miss Open Sea liked to see them fluttering in the wind, and added her own colored offering to dangle beside grandfather’s. Inside, a Shinto temple was simplicity itself—a single bronze mirror hung in an inner room which only the priest ever saw, as an emblem of truth and purity. The plain lacquered pillars differed greatly from the carved and decorated Buddhist columns which supported ceilings painted a dark sea-blue across which golden dragons chased each other wildly!

As they trudged along from shrine to shrine, grandfather explained religion to Kumayo Aki: “Now, Shintoism,” said he, “means simply *‘The way of The Gods,’* and it is founded on ancestor worship. We have ancestral tablets on the godshelf in our home, of course,

and the first thing every morning, Rough River kneels to clap his hands in worship before them, offering food and drink. For the truth of the matter is, Open Sea, that *nothing is more alive than the dead!* All the past members of the race are really gods, you see, and it is only natural for our dead relatives to be interested in us; but just the same, we have to worship them every day to thank them for the good they are doing us and to fend off the harm they *might* do us if we offended them. Of course, the Emperor is a god himself; and then there are the terrible gods of nature—the gods of fire, of wind, of thunder and of water—as well as the homekeeping friendly deities whom it is always well to keep in a good humor, such as the God of the Oven, the God of the Fields, the God and Goddess of Rice, the Gods of Wealth and Good Fortune.”

“There are almost too many,” sighed Miss Open Sea to herself, but every once in a while she would say: “Dear me! Dear me!” as she realized anew that *grandfather was a god in the making!* It made her wonderfully gentle in guiding him all day long.

Then, besides the Shinto shrines, there were the lavish Buddhist temples, where big or lit-

the Buddhas sat with calm placid faces and fingers all the same length. How many countless times she knelt and wound her prayer-beads around her hands, pressed her palms flat together and called: "Namu Amida Butsu" ("Hear me, great Lord Buddha!") One immense bronze Buddha was fifty feet high, with a big room inside him full of smaller idols. Buddha's eyes were solid gold, three feet across. His giant thumbs so large that Miss Open Sea saw two grown men sit side by side on one of them!

"This Dai Butsu was made six hundred years ago," the priest explained. Grandfather said it made him feel positively young!

Miss Open Sea will never forget the Higashi Hongwanji Temple in Kyoto where she saw a rope of human hair—"How *long* it is!" she cried, looking at the two hundred and twenty-one feet of it. "How *thick* it is!" cried grandfather, "thicker than my wrist."

So then the priest told them that some years ago when the temple was rebuilt, news went forth that ropes of the greatest strength would be needed to hoist the great columns and the heavy roof-tree timbers into place. At once a devout Buddhist suggested that it be of human



Sometimes on the way home from school, Rough River grows amazingly tall! His stilts are quite differently made from any which you have ever used, aren't they?





hair, which makes the very strongest rope of all. So from all over the country came that hair! In a single province, thirty thousand women clipped off their beautiful long tresses for the sake of Buddha's shrine! Little Miss Open Sea reached up and stroked her own hair—would *she* have given it? Oh what heartfelt prayers and hopes those thirty thousand women must have had: "Surely Buddha will give me peace and joy for *this!*" Miss Open Sea wondered if they really did get happiness or not; maybe they only had the same flat disappointment which she and grandfather felt in spite of the shrines and their offerings.

Then came the day in June when many Shinto believers get rid of their sins. Grandfather went with the others to obtain from the priest a little paper figure cut in the shape of a person (you can see the very size and pattern at the end of this chapter). He kept this for several days, explaining to the round-eyed little girl that while he had it the paper person was absorbing all his sins; after which he took it to the Shinto priest with a small sum of money. The priest offered a prayer to make sure that grandfather's sins had surely been

safely transferred, and then he threw it into the river. . . . .

Crinkly blue waves came lapping and licking the paper; with little swirls and eddies they bore it away from the shore; the swift current caught it; it floated serenely away.

"Can you still see it?" grandfather asked.

"Yes, but it's just a wee speck now, bobbing up and down 'way, 'way off in the distance. Oh, it's gone! It's gone *forever*. I guess you feel a whole lot safer now without those sins."

"But I seem to feel about the same as ever!" sighed the old man, for suddenly he had that empty sense of utter disappointment. "Perhaps we might as well start home."

So the pilgrimage ended on the wings of a paper prayer; but long before their quaint thatched farmhouse came in sight, Rough River had had such an adventure with paper himself that it was really *he* who helped to end pilgrimages in his family for all time.

# HONORABLE FANS

*can you remember—*

1. the usual pilgrim's outfit in Japan?.
2. three superstitions which the farmers' families have?
3. three ways to pray to the idols?
4. the names of some of these idols?
5. what Shinto means?
6. how a grand-father becomes like a god?
7. how Shinto temples look?
8. how Buddhist temples look?
9. about the "Sin-Bearer?"
10. the verse in 1 Peter 2:24?
11. the hymn: "I Lay My Sins On Jesus?"

### III. ASTONISHING JAPANESE PRINTS

THE Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio hurried down to breakfast on her second day in Japan; very gaily she pushed aside the sliding screens, and bowing politely, said: "Idaho!"

"Idaho?" repeated the others, holding their spoons in midair, completely mystified by such a greeting.

"Why, yes! I couldn't wait to practice what you taught me last night,—for that's the way to say 'good-morning,' isn't it?"

"You poor tongue-twisted darling!" they cried, convulsed with laughter, "you meant to say 'Ohio'! For O hayo in Japanese means 'honorably early.'"

The Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio (and couldn't even say that!) grew pink as a posy: "To the foot of the class for me!" she said meekly, "I don't even deserve to be fed!" But the others would not hear of such humility—

"You've only been here two days!"

"We were all just as bad, ourselves, once upon a time—"





Here is the Boiled Baby in his nice little bucket tub with the charcoal stove in the side, which boils him hotter and hotter. He loves it! He is like soft little tea-rose petals, and if he looks rather serious at present, it is because he doesn't know quite what to make of you. Give him time and he will bow himself over into a perfect loop as he gurgles, "O hayo!" to greet you.

"Japanese is the hardest language in the world to learn, you know—"

"Five years before you begin to get it, at all—"

"Another five before you know your way around the corners of it!"

"Corners? I should say so! Japanese nouns have no gender, and the verbs have no first, second or third persons. They seem to abhor pronouns, and so most sentences are subjectless. If you want to say 'I wish you would be so kind as to ask,' the words '*Kiite itadakite gozaimasu*' literally mean 'Hearing wishing-to-be-put-on-the-head am'!"

"That's nothing! When you say 'I am sorry for your sake,' '*O ki no doku Sama*,' the words mean 'Honorable poison-of-the-spirit Mr.'!"

"And when you say 'It has just occurred to me,' '*Futo omoi—dashimashita*,' you really are saying 'Suddenly think-have-put-out'!"

"These literal meanings are *all* delectable, 'This is what I want' becomes 'This side enters'! And the words for 'an American gentleman,' when translated, say 'America's honorable side'!"

"What kind of a *side* am I, then?" laughed this American Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-

Ohio, "but isn't it a *picturesque* language? And really, it doesn't sound so hard."

"Wait until you begin to tackle it in dead earnest. There are about a dozen different ways to say 'rice,' aren't there, Walter?"

Whereupon the gentleman-missionary sighed and told about the day when he first learned that *meshi* meant rice-on-the-table. Rejoicingly he made up a little sentence: "I eat *meshi*; the child eats *meshi*."

"Honorably not!" cried his embarrassed teacher, "in speaking of a child's rice, honorably should use the word *mama*."

Nothing daunted by mistake number one, the gentleman pupil prepared another brilliant sentence: "Do you eat *meshi*?"

The teacher's impassive face looked injured: "The rice of another is always called *gozen*, excellency!"

"Oh, I see!" sighed the poor American, and started all over again: "The merchant sells *gozen*."

But the teacher called a halt: "Worshipfully forgive, but *meshi* and *gozen* are used for cooked rice only; unboiled rice is called *kome*."

"Now I've got it!" thought the pupil, re-



marking: "*Kome* grows in the paddy fields."

"Please excuse," sighed this politest of teachers, "but growing rice is called *ine*."

The Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio felt discouraged: "I shall stick to my dear easy 'Ohio'!" she cried. "My hat is off to you persistent missionaries who kept everlastingly at such a language until now you can speak with the tongues of men and angels, and write these queer hooks and curves which look for all the world as if a fly had stepped from an ink-bottle onto a sheet of paper!"

"Those written characters are related to the Chinese, you know!"

"I can believe it!" she nodded, "and now, before you silver-tongued oracles scatter to the four ends of town, I want to admit what a frivolous motive I have for today. I've always been perfectly crazy to own dozens of those picturesque Japanese prints—don't you love their soft dull blue-grays and gray-greens and rose-golds? With all the quaint little gnarled pine trees prinking at their own reflections in some moonlit pool? Or long-legged cranes sailing across blue skies? Tell me where, oh where, can I find the most astonishing Japanese prints in town?"

The gentleman-missionary cleared his throat with mock impressiveness and swept her a polite bow: "If the august and venerable madam will but condescend to step this way, the unworthy one will show her that the rarest prints in town are pasted on our gate-posts!"

"On your gate-posts?" cried She-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio, "what a funny place to put a rare print? Won't it get wet? Can I get one like it? And how does it look?"

"It will! And you can! Step this way!"

She "stepped;" and there on the mission gate-post was simply a large plain sign with Japanese writing in columns up and down it.

She tried not to look too disappointed as she said: "But what does it say?"

"It says: '*Anyone who desires to inquire about Christianity or receive some Christian literature is cordially invited to enter.*' Then, pasted underneath here, where the eye can easily read it, is a complete copy of Paul Kanomori's famous tract: 'Salvation Through The Cross.' And this, my dear friend, is the most astonishing Japanese print in town."

She went indoors with a very puzzled look on her face: "But why is it so astonishing?"

Whereupon a perfect buzz of answers came tumbling on top of one another:—

“You just ought to see how often the curious passers-by stop to read it—”

“My dear, the people who come in to ask questions! Of course there will be weeks at a time when nothing seems to come of it, but it’s astonishing sometimes the way people stop to tell us they have been hungry for a god-that-satisfies. Is our God that kind?”

“You know, if I had time, I’d spend every moment distributing leaflets from sunrise to sunset. It would pay!”

“Pay! I should think so. You ought to have seen the two soldiers out on the street reading our print the other day. They were army officers, you know, and they were undoubtedly memorizing part of the tract, for the government requires them to line up their soldiers once a week and give a lecture on Ethics. They often come to us for their material, and I suppose this week they are reciting, verbatim, Paul Kanomori’s sermon; isn’t it wonderful?”

“Tell her about the policeman—”

“Which one? The policeman who stopped to ask whether he couldn’t please have a charm

like ours to paste on his gate-post? He had no doubt there must be pretty stiff magic in it, we all seemed so cheerful and busy! He had a fox charm over his own door at present, but it wouldn't hurt to put ours beside it."

Little Mrs. Missionary laughed heartily: "Even *that* is not the best police story I had in mind, for everybody can't get perfect English overnight; but the story I meant is about the Chief of Police over in the town of Takao who actually bought New Testaments for the entire police force!"

"I can beat that story, though," said the gentleman-missionary, "for not very long ago a Buddhist priest came into the Bible House at Yokohama and bought fifty *copies* of John's gospel; he said he was going to give them to the young priests under his charge so that they could read them aloud together! Imagine a Bible reading going on daily in a Buddhist temple!"

"You don't wonder that there are missionaries and colporteurs and Bible women who go regularly where the pilgrims travel, do you? Up Fujiyama they climb, and to all the great shrines; nobody ever refuses the tracts and gospels they hand out."

The Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio looked positively spellbound: "Isn't this wonderful?"

"It is! The more you know, the more wonderful. Rev. Albertus Pieters, of Fukuoka, advertises in the daily newspapers stating the claims and promises of Christianity, and running the Bible as a serial story from day to day! He had 438 applications for literature within three months, and such interesting experiences, too. Once a deputation of ten persons, headed by the village school-teacher, walked thirty-five miles to ask him questions about Christianity. They had been reading Mr. Pieters' study of the life of Christ in their newspaper, and they could not wait another moment to find out more about this God."

"Let me tell you about a darling letter the Bible Society received, saying: 'I am a little boy thirteen years old, but I have given my heart to the Lord and pray and read the Bible every day. Now I want to have a New Testament all my own. Enclosed please find nine sen in stamps for which kindly send me a copy.'"

"Then there was the man at the Shinto



that a boy like this would be heard from some day."

The gentleman-missionary, who loved arithmetic, said that in 1913 a colporteur named Mr. J. B. Whitney computed that he had sold enough Japanese five sen and ten sen Testaments to make two piles each 787 feet high. Mr. Whitney said the Woolworth building in New York City, built from the profits of five and ten cent sales, is only 750 feet high. "Now you know the prints the Japanese themselves are buying!"

"Well, I should say so!" gasped the Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio, "it's the most fascinating story in the world. I only wish that I could do something to help in the little time I shall be in Japan."

"You can!" they all exclaimed in a chorus.

"Surely not when I just say 'Ohio' and may change it to 'Idaho' at critical moments!"

"Needn't say a word!" ordered Mrs. Missionary cheerfully, "go out with an armful of tracts and drop them into the hands of the people you meet. It will be an adventure for you, rather like seed-sowing, for you will never know your harvest. But God moves in a mysterious way!"

"Just lead me to those Japanese prints!" she cried eagerly; and from that very moment until she left Japan she had the best continuous adventure of her life. When she came home to America she talked of nothing else for hours at a time. For the Japanese are not only very courteous toward strangers but they are also interested in reading anything new:—

"I thought I could *never* pluck up courage enough to give a tract to the railroad conductors, you know. But when they took my ticket I solemnly handed a leaflet also. '*Arigato!*' said they, bowing at an angle of sixty degrees from the perpendicular. '*Arigato*' means 'Thank you'—it really does, for I know a great deal of Japanese by this time! '*Sayonara*' means 'goodbye', there's a world of polite regret in the literal translation—'goodbye, if it must be so;' and my conductors always said a Sayanara to me when I left their trains. They liked the tracts! And the children liked them, too."

"Tell about your jinrikisha man in Tokyo," her family would urge.

"Oh yes, my poor kurumaya,— a horse by day, a man by night! You ought to see him sprinting along the narrow streets calling out



his soft 'Hai! Hai! Hai!' to warn people out of the way, pulling me after him in his grown-up baby carriage! By the way, did you know that the jinrikisha was invented by a missionary? They told me that the inventor was originally a sailor in Commodore Perry's fleet on that famous day when the United States stepped into hermit Japan. Jonathan Goble was this sailor's name. He joined the expedition because he wanted to learn something about Japan. On board his ship was a Japanese sailor rescued from a shipwrecked Japanese boat. He was much too terrified to try to land in his own country and returned to America where Jonathan Goble befriended him in his own home, teaching him English and finally converting him. This poor exile, Sentaro, was probably the first Protestant Japanese Christian, and when Mr. Goble returned to Japan as a missionary he brought Sentaro with him. Mrs. Goble became an invalid, and her husband designed a carriage in which she could easily be taken from place to place, the first *jinrikisha*, or 'man-pull-car.' "

There was a laugh from her family: "Now that the history lesson is over, please tell us about the jinrikisha coolie!"

The Lady-Who-Could-Now-Say-Ohio-And-Many-Other-Words looked very humble: "At once, at once! The poor old fellow was really nothing but a polite human horse to me until one day a boy darted up to him and plucked his sleeve saying '*O totsu san!*' I was positive that that meant 'Father!' and so I called out a little 'Whoa there, driver!' and stopped him to ask if this was really his son? and where did he live? and couldn't I please pay him a visit? You never saw anyone so unwilling, but I smiled and smiled, and begged and begged, until finally he took me through a perfect maze of little narrow streets with gaudy red and yellow shop signs flapping like banners before each store. Then we got into dirtier streets, frightfully cluttered with everything under the sun. The smells were like nothing I had ever smelled before! Talk about *slums*! And there, in one tiny cell of a room, were my Horse's whole family painting and sorting post-cards for America. Nine of them working away for dear life, with a very unbusiness-like baby tied on a little daughter's back. I never saw such human sardines! I positively would not have left Japan if I could not have done something for that family; but the Tokyo





How would you like to be these Cradles-That-Walk-On-Two-Feet? Miss Open Sea looks anxiously over her shoulder at the blissful Bo Chan. His head seems to be quite dangerously on the bias, but that is not worrying Kumayo Aki: she merely wonders if he really is as wise a baby as the one on Miss Honorable Sparrow's back. For Miss Sparrow boasts that *hers* stays awake all day long! Miss Open Sea sniffs: "What of that? I *like* them drowsy!"

Baptist Tabernacle is a big institutional church planted right down in that congested district. They have a delightful day nursery where unbusiness-like babies can lie on their backs and be sensible! They have a kindergarten for the next-in-size, and all sorts of clubs and classes and helps for everyone else. That family are on the road to better things. I could talk on forever, but I mustn't bore you. . . . ."

But of course you have already guessed that Rough River was going to walk into this chapter sooner or later; so it will be no surprise that one day, when the Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio took a long trip into the country by basha, she met him.

A basha is a stage coach with all the discomforts of the wiggle-waggle seen at American Amusement Parks! It is a jolting vehicle pulled by any old excuse for a horse, and this particular poor bony creature could barely go four miles an hour. Six very uncomfortable passengers tried their best to perch sedately on the seats which were so exceedingly narrow that at every jolt of the springless cart everybody lurched forward onto everybody else's knees with breathless apologies, meanwhile

bumping their poor heads on the too-low roof and wishing the horse would stop whenever he started, or start whenever he stopped. Passengers are most unreasonable!

One such stop the Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio will never forget, for as the driver unhitched his thin scrawny horse she asked anxiously: "Is the poor old beastie dying? I thought all along that he was on his last legs."

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Missionary after making inquiries, "this is the Day of the Horse and as we are passing the Horse God shrine your poor beastie is stopping to say his prayers!"

"But surely you're joking—can Japanese horses *pray*?"

"Get out and watch, if you don't believe it!" The two ladies hurried to watch the driver pay a fee to the priest, who rang a bell to awaken the god, after which the old nag jogged patiently round and round and round the Horse Shrine, not knowing what it was all about, of course; but the driver felt relieved in his own mind, explaining to the missionary that now his horse would be in good health the whole year through!

"Equine Life Insurance!" sighed Mrs. Missionary, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry. For out in these country districts the people were far more superstitious than in the bigger towns—"and as a matter of fact, my dear, two-thirds of Japan *does* live in the country, so it's perfectly foolish of you globe-trotters to think that every inch of the land is as sophisticated as the cities you visit! A million farmers cultivating rice fields, standing knee-deep in ooze all day, know nothing of street-cars or telephones or movies; they are afraid of the God of the Hailstones! Ten thousand evil spirits want to molest their crops—don't you see the pathetic little wayside shrines we keep passing? Oh, if there were only a *dozen* of me, enough to go around among all these heart-hungry people!"

"I know!" sighed the Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio, and it was just then that Rough River appeared. "Look! What a splendid sturdy boy! I'm going to give him a tract." She hurried over to hand it to him.

Rough River was absolutely astonished. Quite evidently this was a "western-ocean-person!" If it had not been a *pink* tract, I think he might have taken to his heels and

run away, but pink is such a lovely color, like cherry blossoms in spring, therefore safe-appearing; so he tucked it up his sleeve politely, smiled, and made a remark.

"What is he saying?" asked the Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio.

"He was inquiring about your hair! He says you must have washed it on the Day of the Horse. The Japanese have a superstition that hair washed on that day will turn red."

"Well, I never!" gasped the visiting lady, straightening her hat and smoothing the red hair in question, which had been gradually loosened by the jolting basha. "Tell him to read the tract, Mary."

Then and there a very interesting conversation took place, for Rough River explained that he belonged to a highly religious family: "The honorable grandfather is off on a pilgrimage right now, he has been gone for several months. He has gone to find peace for his heart."

"Then I have the very Book for him," the missionary said, handing Rough River a Bible, "when he comes home, please tell your grandfather that I came all the way from America to bring him the best that I have, for if he







Whenever night comes and Miss Open Sea stops being a Cradle-That-Walks-On-Two-Feet, she turns the floor into another cradle for the drowsy Bo Chan. You can see for yourself how she adores him! But *could* you do your hair in such a very difficult fashion?

looks in my Book every day he will find peace like a river flowing into his soul."

*(Peace like a river . . . . . are you remembering a certain little paper prayer floating down the crinkly waves in June?)*

On and on Rough River talked; the Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio stood nearby wondering what it was all about, but she smiled and nodded whenever her friend smiled and nodded, which was the best she could do! But when they had climbed into the basha again, she asked curiously: "What were you telling him the time when he kept nodding approvingly?"

"Oh, I was just reminding him of a fairy tale which his own grandmother tells him on rainy days; did you ever hear about the Matsuyama Mirror?"

"No, do tell it to me now!"

So while the basha wiggle-waggled down the road, she told the story as many an O-ba-san (grandmother) herself has told it:—

Once upon a time, in a thatch-roofed cottage next door to an age-old temple, lived Oka San (mother) and O totsuo San (father) and their baby daughter. And you must know that whenever the winds of heaven blew, they

tinkled the little bells on the temple-eaves, until the air was merry with contentment.

But there came a day when the mother sat in her charming garden beside the diminutive lake, and behold! O totsu San came striding with unseemly haste from stepping-stone to stepping-stone. With vast importance he imparted his great news: "Cherished Inside-Of-The-House," he cried, "for a little space of time I must be leaving you. My chief has chosen poor unworthy me to go on an errand of great secrecy in the Big City, so I bid you farewell!"

O ka San watched him with tearful eyes as he strode away under the bamboo trees, until his figure grew smaller and smaller in the distance.

"But he will come back to us soon, little treasure of my heart!" she whispered to the baby tied on her back, and the baby solemnly wobbled its dear little head.

But the full glory of his returning I have no words to tell, how he had seen ten thousand rickshaws on the city streets, yet no collisions! Monstrous temples towering up to heaven! Vast houses-of-a-hundred-mats with countless bobbing servants! Great stores packed full of priceless treasures!

"See, one modest little present I have bought for you," he boasted, and from his sleeve pulled forth a package wrapped in a

bundle-handkerchief. She unknotted it quickly but could not imagine what the curious gift might be: a thing all silver patterns on one side, with slender silver handle, and the other side bright, smooth and clear.

"Look in it!" he ordered, smilingly.

She looked. "Ah me!" she sighed, "I see the loveliest lady, with big tender velvet eyes and a graceful hair-arrangement; and, O master, the lady wears a lavender kimono the very shade of mine, with an *obi* of pale green—like mine. Who is this creature, anyhow? How does it happen that a lady from the city wears my clothes?"

How he did laugh! And how he relished telling her that in the city every woman had this thing—a mirror, in which to look and see herself as others see her!

"Wonders never cease!" exclaimed the country wife, who had never heard of looking-glasses in her life. And after that, oh, after that, the precious mirror was to be found forever in the roomy sleeve of her kimono; she wasted glorious hours admiring her own beauty until one day she whispered to herself: "The gods! If they see me growing vain they will think it time to send some blemish to me! They will envy me. . . . ."

So she hid the mirror and for years almost forgot that she owned it. Meanwhile her little daughter was growing up to be the very image

of her mother, although she never knew it, of course, because she had no way of knowing how she looked. They were very happy there beside the tinkling bells of the pagoda.

But the moon is not always round, and flowers are not always in blossom; and sorrow came to this family, for O ka San fell so ill that the doctor "threw away the spoon."

"Cherished child," whispered the frail voice into the daughter's ear, "when my spirit has departed to join our honorable ancestors, I fear you may be lonely, so here is a present for you—you have but to look in it and you will see my face, keeping you company."

And she died.

But her daughter was curiously comforted by the present into which she daily looked, for always, *always*, she could see her mother's face. Only now the frail wan cheeks were tea-rose-tinted, and the feverish eyes were velvet-bright. And when the lovely daughter wept, the tears ran also down her mother's face. And when the daughter smiled, behold! the mother's face smiled back. There never was a comfort in deep sorrow like that mother-in-the-mirror!

Then one day the father heard his daughter talking as she had been talking for long months to someone he could never see. He walked into the room and asked: "Who is it you converse with, woman-child?"

"With O ka San!" she cried, and held the mirror toward him eagerly: "See! There she is! I talk to her every day, and although I never hear her answer me, I know her spirit tries, for I can see her lips moving and her eyes smiling into mine."

Whereupon the father, who feared someone else might break the secret to her less gently, answered: "Little maid, it is yourself you see—*yourself*! For every day your face grows more and more like hers, because you live and like and cherish all her precepts. I think she knew that some day this fuller knowledge would be a greater comfort to you than her mirrored presence, because the one you most admired you have at last *become*. You two are—one!"

"I told Rough River that if his pilgrim-grandfather would only look in the Bible each day and follow the precepts of Jesus, he, too, would become increasingly like the One-Who-Is-Altogether-Lovely. He just couldn't help but reflect the Saviour!"

"Oh, no wonder the Japanese love you!" cried the girl from America, patting her friend's arm enthusiastically and thinking that if ever anybody *did* reflect Jesus Christ it was this tired, yet tireless, little lady who never seemed to rest.

After which they reached their journey's end, a straggling, pretty, thatch-roofed town beneath some camphor trees, where the village pastor and his smiling wife could hardly believe their eyes: "Oh, it is honorable *you*! We had not dared to hope it! But we have some good news—five new persons want to join the church. Did you ever?"

"No, I never!" smiled the missionary affectionately, for she knew what work it was to win and teach these converts.

The next day being Sunday, the Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio took a little walk through the streets to the church with a regular procession of giddy kimonos tagging along behind her—

"Look! Look! It's another funny white lady from America with the *seiyo no baba* (the foreign granny!)"

"This one has red hair!"

"Horrible! And green eyes!"

"You can't really see out of green eyes, you know!"

"Why, of course not!"

"She's going to teach the Christian's Sunday-school. Come on, let's go!"

This last remark was hardly true, since she



was still a "not-knowing-Japanese-foreigner"; but she was invited to sit on the platform as the guest of honor, where she looked down into the twinkling, squinting faces of that little school. Although she had no head at all for figures, one thrilling statistic was indelibly fixed in her brain: "*There are 150,000 Sunday-school children in Japan!*"

"And here are eighty of them!" she thought, loving them each and all, especially when they rose to sing with all their might and main a tune which sounded strangely familiar in spite of the Japanese words:—

*"Mi yo ya juji no  
Hata takaki  
Kimi naru Jesu wa  
Saki dateri."*

"Why, it's 'Onward, Christian Soldiers!' " she exclaimed, and started right in singing her American words, knowing that in the ears of the Lord Jesus both languages sounded exactly the same!

Indeed she began to think that Sunday-schools were probably exactly the same the whole world around, for just as in New York and San Francisco, so in Tokyo and Yoko-

hama they had golden texts and memory work and colored charts, the same as in this tiny chapel. But wait a minute! Just a few differences, after all, for when the missionary said: "How many gods are there?" up popped a sea of waving hands:

"*Fifteen!*" shouted little Mr. Sparrow-On-The-Roof.

"*Nine!*" called a prim Miss Bowl-Of-Rice.

"*Eighty-seven!*" yelled the lusty Mr. Shining Thrift.

"*Two hundred!*" shouted young Mr. Gentle Lion, determined to beat everyone in sight.

"No! No!" cried the much-distressed Japanese teacher, "haven't I been telling you and telling you and *telling* you that there is only one God? The God who made each of us."

"Oh but, Sensei, we have a whole long row of gods up on our godshelf."

Ah yes, Sunday schools *are* different in Japan. They have to be in more ways than one, for up jumps a little girl with a littler girl strapped on her back—she sways from side to side to amuse the wailer! And meanwhile Mr. Sparrow-On-The-Roof diligently keeps three balls circulating up in the air at one time until he is stopped!



When ink is a black cake (looking like liquorice!) and pens are brushes, learning to write is almost like a painting lesson, which often has to be hung up to dry.



As for the take-home cards, you would have recognized them instantly as those postal cards you pasted last year at your mission band meetings. By this time they have Bible verses written on their paper backs.....

"Come on, let's follow a take-home card home!" cried the missionary, hurrying down the street behind a certain dancing kimono which disappeared through a doorway.

"Look, O ka San! It's the new letter Jesus wrote me today!"

"And what does He say to us this time?" asked the voice indoors.

The figure in the kimono halted by the door and the two passers-by heard the little voice reading carefully: "God—so loved the *world*—that He gave—His *only* son—that whoever believes—should not perish—"

"Oh what good news!" the voice exclaimed.

And meanwhile, back in his thatch-roofed farmhouse, Rough River was puzzling over the very same verse on a certain small pink tract: "*Sore, Kami no seken wo itsuku-shimi—tamau koto wa, subete kare wo shindzuru mono wa horobidzu shite, kagiri naki inochi wo uken tame ni, sono hitori umareshi kowo tamaye hodo nari.*"

“If this should really be true, how fine it will be for grandfather!” Rough River said.

It was! And for Rough River, too. But not at once, unfortunately.

# HONORABLE FANS

*do you remember—*

1. some of the difficulties of the Japanese language?
2. several Japanese words and their meanings?
3. about the "Christian Literature Movement in Japan?"
4. the stories of some people who welcomed Bibles?
5. the names of two Japanese vehicles?
6. a Japanese fairy tale?
7. how many Sunday School children in Japan?
8. the verse in Isaiah 55:11?
9. the words of the hymn "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations"?



#### IV. THE HONORABLE INSIDE-OF-THE- HOUSE.

THE sky was full of fish. They swam around in the air as if the heavens had suddenly become some vast aquarium. This always happened on the fifth of May when every house where there were boys in the family set up a pole from which huge paper carp could flap their gaudy fins and proclaim to all Japan how many sons there were indoors. Rough River's fish swam side by side with Akambo San's—one green, one red.

Akambo San (Mr. Baby! or Bo Chan, for short) clapped his chubby hands in sheer delight and bubbled all over with excitement: "Fish! Fish!" he screamed—for this was the first year he had ever understood what it was all about, of course. His mother explained it to him as she boiled his dear little tea-rose body in his bath,—like soft yellow petals he was all over! Please do not be alarmed at this boiling of babies for they really grow to like it very much in Japan where their funny little bucket tubs have charcoal stoves in the sides,





It is high time you said "Thank You!" to the particular Miss Open Sea who has been *feeding* your hair-ribbons, neck-ties and sashes for you! For Miss Open Sea has her hands full keeping the Honorable Little Gentleman supplied with fresh green mulberry leaves, but she never grumbles—it is no myth to her about The Worm-That-Turns; she has handled the marvelous shimmering lengths of the thing he is sure to turn into, provided she feeds him properly and prevents him from catching cold!



the water grows hotter and hotter each minute: you could not stand it yourself, but Bo Chan's whole family thought nothing of 100° Fahrenheit, or even higher. While he was being parboiled he fixed his slant eyes on the enchanting fishes—

"*Nobori!*" his mother explained. "Carp! The big red carp is for you, the little green carp for Rough River. You must grow up to be like the carp—he lives to be so old! He is so brave! He is so strong! He swims up the roughest rivers! He battles against the strongest currents! You must be brave like that, too!"

"Brave!" gurgled Akambo San, as if it were all a grand joke. And indoors it was jollier yet, for tables had suddenly sprung up covered with lovely tin soldiers and weapons and banners and pennants. You could almost guess without being told that this was the Feast of Flags, when every boy in Japan was celebrating merrily after being put through a catechism somewhat like Rough River's:

"What do you love best in the world?"

"The *Emperor*, of course!"

"Better than your father and your mother?"

"He is the father of my father and my mother."

"What will you give the Emperor?"

"All my best toys and my life when he needs it."

"That is right!" his father nodded. Rough River knelt before the little godshelf to worship the row of idols and his little slabs of wooden ancestral tablets—he clapped his hands to remind them of his presence, then he offered food and wine.

"If only grandfather were here!" he said as he scrambled to his feet, eager for the fun of the coming festival.

"Sad as the moon is my longing face!" sighed poor grandmother anxiously. "He has been gone so very long. My rice bowl is full of worry for him. I would be many heartfuls glad if he would only return."

"If the gods had not drawn that film before his eyes!" Rough River's father said. "Only last year I took him on that pilgrimage to Ichibata who gives sight to the blind—six hundred and forty steps we climbed to that shrine where he washed his eyes in the sacred spring and murmured the mystic words: 'On-koro-koro-sendai-mataki-soaki'! Honorable parent, he thought maybe he *could* see a bit better, but I noticed that he groped

around afterwards quite as much as ever. I hope this pilgrimage will bring him more joy."

So the absence of grandfather and Miss Open Sea rather spoiled the Feast of Flags for everyone but Bo Chan, who stood all day with his hands solemnly clasped behind his back staring at the lovely tin soldiers, aching to touch them, of course, and feeling the bravest patriot in all Japan.

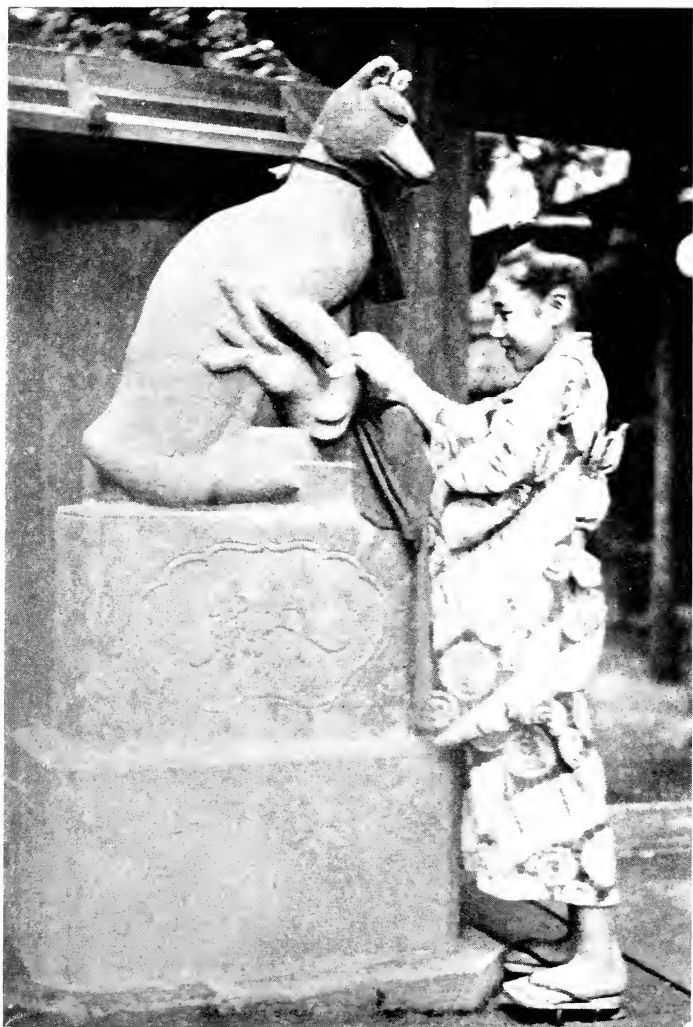
It was when May had turned to June that Rough River met the Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio. He fully meant to read her book at once, but a farmer's son has no spare time when June is turning to July and the grasshopper has become a burden! All day long the entire family were kept busy picking the insects from the crops they would so soon have destroyed; indeed, when Miss Open Sea at last led grandfather home, she too fell to work with a will on the bad little locusts. O ka San dried them and took them to market to sell, for they are considered quite a dainty dish in Japan—one missionary on tour spent over a week in the home of a Japanese family and wrote home to America that he was sure he had already eaten twice as many as John the Baptist in the wilderness, when his fare had been locusts and wild honey.

While the Book lay idly on the godshelf ("for where else could one place a new God?" Rough River would ask!) the family rested at the close of the day while fireflies danced in the bushes and the yellow half-moon, like a sickle, climbed up the sky. Every word of the pilgrimage was rehearsed until the weary Miss Open Sea would actually tumble asleep on her mother's knee.

"It is time to pull the *amado*," O ka San would whisper. The big wooden shutters would be drawn, quilts would be brought out and laid on the soft clean matting floor, where the family lay down with their heads on the hardest of small wooden pillows. Sometimes Bo Chan would wake with a startled whimper, ("the demons nudged him!" Rough River would laugh), but O ka San would lull him to sleep again with a soft Nenné ko (lullaby):

*"Sleep, my child; sleep, my child;  
Where is thy nurse gone?  
She is gone to the mountains  
To buy thee sweetmeats.  
What shall she buy thee?  
The thundering drum, the bamboo pipe,  
The trundling man or the paper kite?"*





Before Honorable Miss Tiger went off to her silk mill, she visited the shrines of the old familiar idols, who had known her so many years. Since foxes are servants of Inari-Sami, the Goddess Of Food, Miss Tiger tied an apron around a stone fox's neck (like a bib!) and a bandage around one of his paws to make him feel kindly disposed toward the empty stomachs at home!



Bo Chan would give a queer little now-I'm-safe grunt and roll fast asleep. Miss Open Sea would snuggle down in her quilt contentedly; oh, what a lovely, lovely place home was!

While they sleep suppose we pay a tip-toe visit. You must leave your shoes on the mat out-of-doors, for in a land where people sit and sleep on the floor it would never do to track the street dirt over *chairs* and *beds*, of course! I think the rooms may seem very empty to you just at first, with their matting floors and little else but the paper walls, which really are screens arranged in grooves to be pushed to one side, so that all the rooms can be thrown into one at a moment's notice. You will kindly not lean on the paper walls, therefore, or at *less* than a moment's notice you may crash through into the room on the other side! While we tiptoe over the matting you will notice that it is laid in oblong blocks, each one exactly six-by-three. In all Japan the mats are that one size. You merely have to say "My room is six-mat size" and everyone will know its measurements! Rough River thinks it must be wonderful for the Emperor to live in his Palace-Of-A-Thousand-Mats.

The best room is at the back, of course,

that it may overlook the garden, and in this best room you will notice a little raised alcove with one picture scroll on the wall and one vase of flowers. That is all the decoration needed for the richest home! The scroll is called a "*kakemono*" and the alcove a "*tokonoma*," or "honorable recess." You will see the godshelf on the wall with its row of painted idols and its little slabs of wood which you will recognize by this time as ancestral tablets, about which grandfather had once explained to Miss Open Sea. The Bible still lies on the godshelf, but alas! no one has time for *reading* when the new rice plants in the flooded paddy-fields must be transplanted. Standing in ooze all day long makes one sleepy at night.

There is no furnace in this paper-bamboo-matting house, because there is no cellar. But that big brass jardiniere on legs, known as the *hibachi*, is kept filled with charcoal and around it the family gather on chilly evenings when the draughts come whistling through the paper shutters. They each sit on their heels on the floor like a human letter Z, and the colder the weather gets the more extra *kimonos* they put on in layers, until little Bo Chan looks as plump as a pincushion.

You will notice that a tea-kettle is bubbling all day on top of this *hibachi* for whenever a visitor calls it would be the height of impoliteness not to offer tea at once; and, curiously enough, it would be the height of impoliteness for the guest to accept it at once!

Indeed, the whole business of calling is quite an art: you arrive at the door, but there is no bell, so you clap your hands and shout: "Please excuse me!" or "O-ta-nomi-mo-shi-ma-su" ("I call!") Somebody comes pattering and bobbing to greet you. Leaving your shoes at the door you enter the house, but please do not stalk to the center of the room! That would be most improper. Hang modestly around the entrance until you have been urged and urged to enter. At the third urging it will be good breeding to agree gracefully and sit where your hostess indicates. She meanwhile is bowing until her very forehead touches the floor, and you bump yours as best you can. She says that her miserably humble shanty is unworthy of such distinguished company! You say that in such a palatial residence you feel like a mere worm of the dust!

After you have each run yourself down and

cried the other up, you may drink your tea and be far more natural. But nowhere in the world is there such exquisite courtesy to a guest, such considerate care for another's comfort, such eagerness to please and be pleased—even Bo Chan knows about it and will bow himself into a perfect loop to welcome a visitor, and gurgle his bewitchingest to make the new Strange Being happy! Their respect for older people makes the Japanese children a model for all the rest of the world; surely you noticed how a certain granddaughter did all she could to please a certain grandfather on a certain trip! That perfect respect of hers can be found in every family.

As for Miss Open Sea, she actually had lessons in tea serving! When her family had money they used to live in a city, so O ka San had "had advantages," and taught the little girl the intricate management of tea-kettles, handleless tea-cups, and so forth. You would never dream what an art it is to move your elbows and fingers with Japanese grace and decorum. Miss Open Sea sighed like the teapot itself to think how clumsy she was and how often O ka San had to correct her, with scandalized eyes, when she awkwardly

"flunked" in her lesson. She was also deep in the study of flower arrangements. You can see for yourself, that with only *one* vase on display, it ought to be charmingly filled—she would literally faint at the bunches of flowers we squeeze in our vases! So vulgar, she would think (even if she were far too polite to say so!) For hours at a time Miss Open Sea arranged a spray of wistaria in a vase—was it drooping just so? was it balanced with ease? was there one bud too much? should she place the vase here?

"One inch to the left!" her mother suggested. Ah yes, such a perfect improvement. To the making of a lady in Japan all these delicate details are needed, in order that she may become worthy of the title "Honorable-Inside-Of-The-House," for how else could one hope to get a husband? Rough River said that *his* wife must be exactly like O ka San.

"Alack!" his mother sighed, "I am a sorry pattern, cherished son—a mere farmer's wife with rough hands!"

"Tut! Tut!" mumbled grandmother, who remembered their better days, "Rough River will be lucky if he gets anyone half as accomplished as you to be the honorable inside of

his house! A boy who doesn't do well in the 'lesson-learn-school.' . . . . ."

Rough River sighed. If the old lady had to walk all the way to town on narrow oozy dikes between the flooded paddy fields she would appreciate the daily drudgery of school-going. He carried his books on his back wrapped in the center of a *furoshiki* (a bundle-handkerchief in which the Japanese always wrap their parcels) with the diagonal ends tied in front around his waist. Up his sleeve Rough River had a tiny stove! You must not smile, for I assure you it was the very thing to warm his stone-cold fingers on chilly days before his writing lesson, which called for flexibility, when—with brush and ink—he painted sentences in columns on long strips of paper which soon grew so sopping wet that they had to be hung up to dry! It was almost like painting a picture to paint a word, for "tree" has a trunk above the ground and three roots below, "man" was simply two legs and not much else!

His ink was a hard black cake of *sumi*, like a square of licorice—he wet it with water much as you prepare your water color paints. His alphabet was not an A B C like yours, however, but had fifty syllables—

*I ro ha ni*  
*Ho he to*, etc.

And as for arithmetic! He did his sums like a streak of chain lightning on a calculating machine made of colored wooden beads strung on wires: a *soroban*, without which even grown-up Japanese bankers and business men would be at a perfect loss.

When the lessons were over each boy would bow politely to the *sensei* (teacher) to thank him for his patient condescension in deigning to notice such dull stupid scholars. In the course of time Rough River graduated from the grade school at the head of his class, which delighted his father so much that he expressed his gratitude to Tenjin, the God of Learning, by sacrificing six white chickens!

Another thing Rough River learned was the Noble Eight Fold Path, taught by the Buddhist priest; again and again he went to the temple for instruction, for a curious thing had happened in Japan, showing that imitation really is sincerest flattery, for *Buddhist* Sunday schools had sprung up all over Japan, exact copies of our little Christian Sunday schools except that children faced a big carved idol singing—

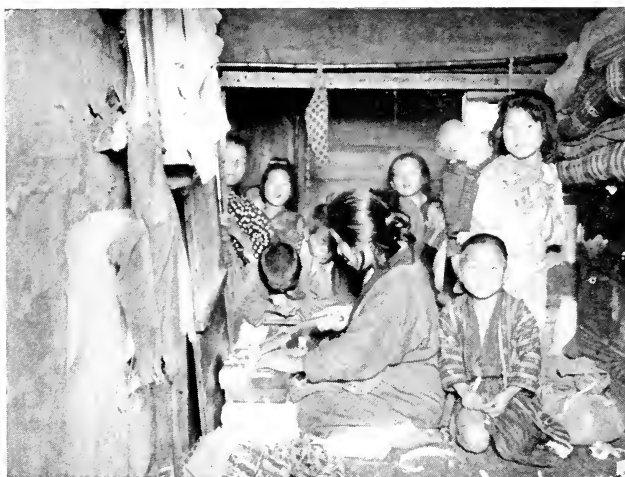
*"Buddha loves me this I know  
For the scriptures tell me so!"*

But Rough River had grave doubts about Buddha's *love*, for it was out of these sacred Buddhist scriptures that the priest took the following illustration to explain human life:—

"A man going through the field met an angry elephant, which ran after him. In his haste to escape, he saw a large dry well with vines growing over it. He took hold of the vine and swung himself down into the well, still holding to the vine. He looked up and there stood the big angry elephant; he looked down to the bottom of the well, and there was a great snake with its mouth wide open, ready to swallow him when the vine should break. All around him in the well beautiful flowers were growing, but under such conditions the man could not appreciate them. At the top of the well, presently a little white mouse came out and began to gnaw away at the vine, and on the other side a little black mouse began to eat at the vine."

Rough River thought it was a gloomy enough story even before the Buddhist priest explained what it all meant: "The great mad elephant represents fate, by which each of





### CLOSE QUARTERS?

Count the faces and see if you do not agree with the Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio, that too large a family must live in too small a room. But when she came home to America she wondered which was sadder: *close quarters* in the slums of Tokyo, or *close quarters* in the pocketbooks of church members who did give enough for kindergartens and day nurseries!



you boys will be chased through life. The large snake at the bottom of the well represents death, to which every one of you boys must come; the vine represents the thread of life, and the white and black mice, day and night. You see how dark and mysterious and miserable human life is; you had better begin now to learn the Eight Fold Path. Please hold up your hands."

Up popped their hands.

"Name the fingers—first finger, benevolence and filial obedience; middle finger, propriety and wedded happiness; third finger, righteousness and loyalty; little finger, wisdom and brotherly affection; thumb, sincerity and fidelity to companions. Shun the world, boys, for if you stray from this Eight Fold Path you will surely be born again into some lower animal, possibly even as an insect. In order to escape such a rebirth it is far better to practice inaction, indifference and apathy. Sunday school is now over."

Rough River sighed all the way down to his wooden sandals as he picked his way home along the little dikes between the paddy fields—"inaction, indifference, and apathy" were not very attractive words to young Mr. Twelve-

Years-Old. But suddenly a frog in a mud-puddle blinked its big sad solemn eyes and croaked out a mournful: "*G'plunk! G'plunk!* Would you rather be such a poor critter as I?"

"No!" groaned Rough River, forlornly; living and dying seemed to be dangerous business for boys. Oh, if he would only remember that Book up on the godshelf, with its cheerful "Let not your heart be troubled. . . . in my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I have gone to prepare a place for *you* . . . ." Oh, surely Rough River would have loved the comfort of such a heaven, with little boys and girls playing safely in the streets thereof (no mad elephants, or coiled snakes, or black mice or white mice, but a great multitude from every nation and kindred and tribe singing: "Glory! Glory! Glory!") Surely Rough River would have loved to know all this. But he had no time to read, for there were silkworms in the shed, needing endless mulberry leaves; there were a dozen duties—the days were too short.

Meanwhile Miss Open Sea had her duties, too, one of which was to be turned into a cradle by having Bo Chan strapped on her back. Was he heavy? Oh, very! But she was so used to having him there from morning till bedtime

that she weeded the rice fields, tended the silkworms, and even jumped rope without giving him a thought. Bo Chan made the best of it, too, and grew exceedingly expert in clinging like a crab when he threatened to lurch forward over her shoulder; he even had the most blissful of naps with his head wobbling loosely around in quite dangerous positions. In July, however, he did not nap during the Bon Matsuri, the Festival of the Dead,—there was too much to see! Since the dead are supposed to return to their old homes for an annual visit on this day, everything is done to make them comfortable. Bo Chan loved the little dishes of spirit food before the godshelf, the tiny straw horses and oxen for the spirits to ride on, the lantern at each door to guide them safely home. Then, on the last evening, Bo Chan loved the little straw boats sent down the river, each with its lighted taper to carry the spirits back to the land of the dead for another year. But Miss Open Sea did not love it so much herself; she saw grandmother dreading to die, and grandfather—

It was in October that grandfather said to Rough River: "My boy, are the red leaves falling?"

"Yes, Honorable Grandsire."

"Well, one cannot speak of the ocean to a well-frog, nor sing of ice to a summer grasshopper, but I don't mind telling you that all my highest hopes have dropped away from me like autumn leaves."

Oh, Rough River! Rough River! *do* remember the Book! But Rough River was threshing the grain, fanning the chaff from the rice with a fan. . . . November passed. And December. Then New Year's came!

*"Lo, housecleaning is here!  
Gods of Buddha and Shinto  
Are jumbled together  
Out on the grass,"*

as a Japanese poet once said, for New Year's is the greatest of all celebrations in Japan, when everything must be "spicker and spanner" than ever to begin the new year properly.

Rough River and Miss Open Sea felt eagerly beneath their little wooden pillows to see if *Takara-bune* was hidden there, the picture of a Treasure Ship on which the Seven Gods of Good Fortune come to harbor every New Year's eve bringing weird, rare cargoes. The pictures *were* under their pillows!

"Mr. Baby—here's the picture of the Lucky





You would never say "*as easy as rolling off a log*", if you were this Lady-Of-The-Forest-Tree-Trunks in a Japanese lumber yard. From her mushroom hat to her straw-sandaled feet she is "weary and heavy laden," for it is a rainy day (you see the puddles, don't you? and her grass raincoat?). Yet deep down in her heart, there is an eighth of an inch of real happiness—for her jolly tea-rose of a baby, quite safe and dry, is undoubtedly singing Jesus songs in our mission kindergarten at this very minute! Don't you love to know that she is going to hear him sing those very same songs tonight when her day's work is done?



Rain Coat, the Inexhaustible Purse, the Sacred Key and the Hat of Invisibility."

Bo Chan chuckled with glee, and the wonderful day had begun; although it was only the "hour of the tiger" (4 a.m., if you please!) poor father had to get up and put on new clothes. Then he had to worship the gods and the spirit of his ancestors, after which he had to offer congratulations to his parents before he dared to eat even a bite of breakfast: "Honorable parents, may you be as old as the pine and as strong as the bamboo; may the stork make nests in your chimney and the turtle crawl over your floor!"

Grandfather and grandmother thought it a perfect wish, for it really was a high compliment—turtles and storks are symbols of long life, you see.

Meanwhile mysterious decorations had been stretched across the front doorway: on either side stood guardian pine trees, between which was stretched a rope of rice straw. A red lobster dangled from the rope, also a green fern and a little budding leaf. These were all symbols too, as if they were saying to callers: "May the folks in this house live till their backs are bent double and their beards reach

to their knees, like the back and the feelers of this lobster. And may they have as many children as there are leaves on this fern!"

The callers all inquired about the baby's age, and the answers would have amazed you: "He is four!" said O ka San.

Four! And can't talk? But the answer is really quite simple, for in Japan they say a child is one year old when he is born! New Year's Day is everybody's birthday; so our little Mr. Baby, born December thirty-first, was actually two years old the next day! Therefore four years old on this famous New Year's evening when grandfather first heard the name of Jesus.

For one of the callers spied a certain pink tract up on the godshelf, and in fingering it curiously read the opening words aloud: "God so loved the world—"

"Loved?" repeated grandfather, "is there a God who loves? Read that again!" But what the pink tract said, the copy of the Bible verified.

"Just think of it," cried O totsu San, "to have had this amazing good news in our house since summer."

So every winter evening after that they sat

around the warm *hibachi*, in their soft wadded kimonos waiting for Rough River to spell out the startling story of this God of Love. To show how much it meant to all of them that winter I shall have to tell you what Miss Open Sea did on the third of March, when the Feast of Dolls occurred. Like other girls all over Japan she helped unpack the family dolls stored carefully in boxes; she set them up in rows, with the Emperor doll and the Empress doll at the very top, and lesser dolls below. She fed them from tiny cups and fanned them with tiny fans, but very gingerly, for these were "respected dolls" to be looked at for one day only, then laid gently away for another year. But a new doll always was added, and this year Miss Open Sea had begged and pleaded for a "western-ocean-person"-doll, with American skirts and American hair and American hat—in other words, she wanted an exact copy of Rough River's Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio!

Surely you begin to see that at last they were loving our Book with its wonderful story of the God who was born a baby ("Like Bo Chan!" Miss Open Sea gasped), who grew up into a boy ("Like me!" Rough River

nodded), and then became a Man who spent his beautiful days in talking with all kinds of people wherever He met them, in healing the sick and in opening the eyes of the blind ("Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" sighed grandfather wistfully, "doesn't it tell where to journey to enter His presence?")

And all this time the Saviour stood waiting to enter their hearts. But—

"Christ has no hands but our hands  
To do His work today;  
He has no feet but our feet  
To lead men in His way;  
He has no tongues but our tongues  
To tell men how He died;  
He has no help but our help  
To bring them to His side."

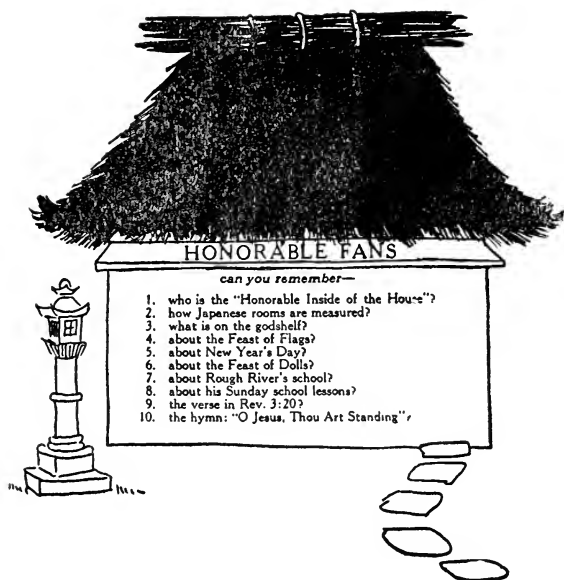




A  
PYRAMID  
OF PRETTINESS!

Who do *you* like the best:  
that wistful little fellow-in-the-  
apron at the very tip-top? Or the  
check-aproned lassie-with-bangs standing  
on the slide with her prim hands piously folded?  
Or the adorable teacher in the center? Or that  
hugable darling in the front row with her hand-  
kerchief looped through her sash and her quaint slant  
eyes matching her winsome pout? Up on the fence you  
can see somebody's "geta" patiently waiting until  
school is over and outdoor overshoes can be donned.

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## V. AFTER FIVE SLEEPS; OR THE WORM THAT TURNED.

SUCH a little worm! But he could not turn without help—oh no, indeed! Minute by minute and hour by hour his royal highness was waited on patiently hand and foot by Rough River and Miss Open Sea.

“Get some fresh mulberry leaves, quick!” ordered Rough River. You should have seen Miss Open Sea patter softly down the dusky shed and hurry back with a basket of green shredded leaves to replenish the bamboo trays which rested on tiers of racks. Hundreds of silver-white bodies wriggled and writhed and squirmed to get a bite at those leaves. . . . .

Miss Open Sea watched them with all the tender love of a nurse as she heard the ceaseless nibbling of those tiny jaws, munch! munch! munch! Five or six times every day during August she fed them with fresh leaves, and several times at night someone crept out to the shed, for silkworms are worth their weight in gold, as Mrs. Missionary discovered on the day when she came to visit. Yes, at



last she did come! All due to Rough River (and the Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio).

For in one corner of his bright pink tract an address was printed where a person wishing to make a Christian inquiry might write. Rough River had just begun to study English in his school as you would study Latin, and so in honor of this unknown American correspondent he wrestled out a few sentences:—  
“Worshipfully Addressed,

Having received upon my head the honorable loving invitation, condescend me the liberty presenting you this letter. Could you to do the same, our gratitude would be higher than Fujiyama and your kindness deeper than Pacific Ocean. Consequently the little student one person having read pinkness aloud for seven moons, family being all Jesus questions. Little student one person no can answer. Rapidly, rapidly coming, family humbly regard you as extremity of glory.

American missionary

Beneath the mansion.”

The gentleman-missionary did not know what to make of it: “It doesn’t seem to make sense,” said he.

Mrs. Missionary propped her spectacles on

her nose and pounced instantly on that little word "pinkness:" "A *tract!*" she cried, "all perfect sense!"

"You ought to be a detective," her husband replied.

"I'm going to be!" she answered. And that is how she took another trip by basha toward the town near which Rough River lived. The same poor horse was hobbling on the route, the same old coach was wiggle-wagging through the rice-fields.

There never was such bowing in Japan as took place in that farmhouse! "It is a Jesus Lady!" "O honorably welcome!" "Worshipfully be seated!" "Augustly drink this miserable tea!" Then questions, questions, questions. And answers, answers, answers.

Grandfather said he had not dared to believe it: a God like this! Why, think of the shrines he had been to! How long had she known this good news?

"All my life," Mrs. Missionary said, "ever since I was little like Bo Chan."

"The very idea!" gasped grandfather, weakly. "Why didn't you let me know sooner? Here I've been toiling up ten thousand steps to pray at all the temple shrines for peace.

Each June I've sent my old sins floating down the river. But was I ever any happier in my soul? Oh Excellency, no! no! Afraid to live! Afraid to die! I wish you had come sooner."

"I know!" she sighed, and thought of all the thousand others needing her that very moment. "But now that I am here, do ask me other questions."

They asked and asked. It was a lovely breathless day. And then Miss Open Sea jumped up, exclaiming: "Oh me! oh my! The honorable little gentleman—we have forgotten him!" She dashed out of doors, with everyone following her.

"She means *Oku sama*, the silkworm, 'the honorable little gentleman' " Rough River explained as he led his guest toward the shed where the trays lay on racks in the dusky darkness (just as in four hundred thousand other farms throughout Japan).

It was Miss Open Sea who introduced the stranger to her tiny wriggling charges: "But please honorably do not get too close, for they must have it warm! They must have it dark! They must have it quiet! They must have it warm! They sicken with a breath of air! They catch cold!"

"Do they sneeze?" the missionary-lady twinkled at the earnest little nurse.

Miss Open Sea squinted through the dim light to see if she meant it: "No, they do not sneeze! But they die! It is very sad. I love each honorable little gentleman most dearly. See, here is one nearing his fourth sleep."

"What do you mean, my dear, by a fourth sleep?"

Miss Open Sea explained the life of a silkworm from egg to cocoon: how, for five days after hatching, the little worm feeds ravenously on the tenderest mulberry buds; then he has his first sleep. It lasts two days. After which he wakes, eats, sleeps a second time; repeats the whole process a third time, and a fourth time; then he is ready to spin. He climbs up a little straw and begins giving forth his silk in a fine golden stream; as it hardens to a thread he winds it round and round himself until his cocoon is made.

"And that is all, excellency! For by and by when he feels just about ready to come out in the world once more, alas! my father will bake him in an overhot oven until he is dead. Quite dead, the poor little honorable sir! When Tiger was home, she and mother used to tear

off the outer skins of the cocoons and wind off the delicate glistening thread on a reel; but now that Tiger is gone, mother cannot do it alone, so we sell our cocoons to a factory."

"Was she your sister? And where did she go? Oh, surely she did not die?"

"Oh no, we think she is living," Miss Open Sea sighed. "You see, it was this way:" and proceeded to tell the story of O Tora San, (Honorable Tiger Miss) who sounded quite fierce but was really as harmless a pussy as ever purred on a hearthrug.

One day, three years ago now, Miss Tiger had put on her best gray kimono and her blue-and-yellow *obi* (sash) to walk to the nearby town to admire the cherry blossoms. It was quite the thing to do, for even very solemn gentlemen went walking underneath the cherry trees and wrote sonnets to their beauty, you could see them pin their verses on the branches, and nobody dreamed of laughing up their sleeves. For the love of flowers is a religion in Japan and is taken seriously by young and old. Bo Chan himself will stand for hours with his hands on his plump little hips watching the petals of wistaria open: "I think," he will solemnly lisp, "I think if I blow it real warm it will *have* to pop open!"

So Miss Tiger went cherry-blossoming! But when she reached town there was a big commotion caused by a crowd gathered under a bamboo tree. "Probably just an O Mochi Man!" she said to herself. But when she drew nearer she heard a voice talking and talking and talking.

"A fairy story, I do declare!" said she, and in spite of her fifteen sedate years she pressed closer to listen, little dreaming that she was going to be the heroine of it so soon. . . . "and after all the pleasant hours of play inside my lovely factory, there will be the glorious shops to visit with the sleeves of your kimono lined with yen. 'A gold-and-scarlet obi, Mr. Storekeeper!' you will order, and he and all his helpers will go scurrying around to fill your wants. Then, all dressed in rare brocades and shimmering crepes, you will go riding down the streets of Tokyo in a jinrikisha, with a silver-woven parasol above your head and a golden-gleaming fan in your right hand. 'Who is this bewitching apparition?' shout the people and flock around to get a closer view of you. . . . ."

Miss Tiger could not wait to hear another word: "Who is it all about?" she called.



Perhaps you used to be very much puzzled by the verse in the Bible where Jesus said to one of the persons He had just cured: "*Take up thy bed and walk.*" You may have had visions of trying to pick up your own heavy brass or four-poster bed! But Rough River and Miss Open Sea would not have been puzzled at all, for here you see *their* kind of beds (thick quilts) which are taken "up" every single morning, rolled into a bundle, and carried to a cupboard.





"About you!" the stranger answered instantly, and began at the beginning to tell how a country girl might go down to his city factory and earn such a fabulous fortune that she and all her family could live forever afterwards in a house-of-a-thousand-mats, with a hundred willing servants, and rice for every meal, and . . . . ."

"Oh, please, sir, couldn't I go?" Miss Tiger broke in, for it seemed the loveliest, kindest scheme in the world; a little easy play in a silk factory (didn't she *love* silk already?); a big pile of money; pretty clothes; a palace for a home! How nice for poor tired O ka san and O totsuo san! Rough River could grow up a regular prince of a fellow; Miss Open Sea into the daintiest maid in the realm. . . . .

"Indeed you may go! You are *just* the one I am looking for!" cried the delightful stranger.

O Tora San made her arrangements and walked home as on a magic carpet to tell her family the wonderful news. "Miss Camellia and Miss Antelope are going, too," she said, "and Miss Snow-Upon-The-Mountain. O Honorable Ones, is it not too good a chance to miss?"

Her family nodded its heads! Oh much too good to be missed. Miss Tiger must certainly

go to play in that factory, so that some day they could all come back to the city.

"For a farm is so hard to run—"

"Up to your knees in mud transplanting young rice—"

"Minding the silkworms forever—"

"Harvesting crops—"

"Those grasshoppers!"

"Pickling the daikon—"

"Oh, yes, a factory is best! Think how rich we shall be when Tiger sends home her wages."

Miss Tiger went off in a gale of farewells to play in her factory in Tokyo. But I fear it was a very false promise she followed, for the factory was almost a prison—once inside those high grim walls and gates she was kept there forever: sleeping, eating, working in one dreary round all day, seven days of the week; even her slim wages docked for every mistake.

It was she who saw the silk-worm turn: he turned into glistening, glittering yards of woven silk—great spools of him went whirling and clattering around; terrible iron fingers flew delicately, crashingly, hither and yon, weaving the exquisite patterns. In a little lane between the looms, Miss Tiger stood breathless with dismay to see this work which

the stranger had called "play"—she had to watch for broken threads, to leap and tie them instantly, to keep full spools on all the looms, to take care that her fingers, her hair, and her sleeves did not catch in the clashing clanking mystery. Above all, to listen to the horrid roar of it.

Oh, she wished ten thousand times for the dear old thatch-roofed farmhouse, for the wriggling trays of nibbling silk-worms, for the silvery flooded paddy fields looking in the moonlight like vast looking-glasses cracked in segments. The tinkling bells on the pagoda, the peaceful chirp of insects, oh, what bliss! The dainty matting floor at bedtime, oh, what peace!

For after twelve long hours of work penned in her little lane of looms, she had to climb a ladder to the loft where the one big bedroom was. She had to wake the weary girl who would be sleeping in her bed: "Get up! Get up! I'm too tired to stand another minute!" There would be a sleepy whimper: "Not time to work again so soon?"

Then one girl tumbled out of bed as one girl tumbled in. It was a wretched round of ill-paid tedious work, Sundays included, with

just a middle-month holiday and an end-month holiday. Yet Tokyo is full of factories like that, and the factories are full of country girls like O Tora San, lured to the city by the fairy-tales of smooth-tongued agents sent into the distant villages. With so many round-cheeked tea-rose girls available, the agents never worry that within a year those cheeks grow pinched and haggard. And if they coughed—Oh, they *did* cough, and found it harder and harder to breathe, for they got tuberculosis sleeping in those crowded, unaired factory dormitories.

So Japan is not alone a land of quaint kimonos and pink cherry blossoms; there are chimney tops and smoke stacks pricking up into the smoky sky of every city like giant exclamation-points: "Watch! Look! Listen! Someone in here is being killed by overwork! Someone in here is losing hope! Come quickly!"

All this because the Hermit Nation has had so much to do in fifty years to catch up with the rest of the business world, that it has taken no time to count the list of working people who are almost dying as they turn out her cottons, silks and papers. Buddha did not tell his followers anything about a case like Miss Tiger's;



Granny and Bo Chan are having the loveliest time in the world looking at picture-books from America. Bo Chan can hardly believe that part about Christmas trees and wise-men-on-camels and Easter lilies; it is all so very new to him—but he simply loves it!



Buddha was not interested in women, anyhow; the idols did not lift a hand to help. . . . .but up and down Japan He who said "Come unto Me All Ye Who Labor" has been whispering in the hearts of men, until here and there Japanese Christians are dotting Japan with factories run justly and fairly, as Jesus Christ would run them; and men not Christians at all are therefore beginning to look with new eyes, themselves, at pale sunken cheeks and tired bent backs.

"We really should make a law," they said, just as we have learned to say in America. But alas! when they passed their good law, it had an unfortunate string to it which did not make it binding until sixteen years later!

But in spite of slowpoke laws there is a certain spirit in the air,—some people call it Brotherhood, some people call it God; but all Japan is breathing it unconsciously. You remember how the Bible says "a little leaven leavens the whole lump." So a little of the Golden Rule is being daily burnished brighter in all sorts of corners, but not nearly quickly enough! You remember the jinrikisha puller's one-roomed home which shocked the Lady-Who-Could-Only-Say-Ohio! You wonder *what*

she would have said at Nagasaki, where most of the ocean-going steamers are coaled by little kimono-clad women. Somebody's mother, somebody's sister handing on huge coal-laden baskets passed up from the barges below—hour after hour of it, until their backs must be nearly broken.

One proverb you might never quote again if you could see The Lady-Of-The-Forest-Tree-Trunks in her queer straw raincoat and her mush room hat working in a lumber yard—"Easy as rolling off a log?" Ah, she does not think so! And our missionaries do not think so, either, as they see her pushing and hauling mammoth logs five times as large as that little human worker. Somebody's mother, somebody's sister lugging and tugging those tree-trunks. What can our Christian churches do to help these crowds and swarms of overworked women—the hundreds of thousands of girls (both under and over seventeen) in factories? Uncounted thousands of mothers employed in rough jobs-by-the-day?

"Day nurseries for their babies!" Missionaries answered—so you and I built houses for our various denominations and keep kind nurses there to "mind" the babies, adorable tea-rose babies like Bo Chan!



"And kindergartens for the older toddlers!" the missionaries said—the Presbyterians were the first to try it, then the rest of us fell enthusiastically (en-theos: *God-in-you*) in line. For you ought to see your kindergartens down in the smokiest, wickedest slums of Japan, where cunning little wisps of slant-eyed children sing happily each morning—

*"Father, we thank Thee for the night,  
And for the pleasant morning light."*

Dreadfully in earnest, they are! And since we have never sent enough grown-up missionaries to Japan, it is well for you and me that we have those chuckling giggling little tots, for when they go home they refuse to eat a single bite of food without thanking Jesus—"just as we do at the kindergarten."

"But who is Jesus?" the astonished parents ask. And that little child can lead them!

They will not bow their head nor bend their knees before the painted idols: "Oh mother, Jesus doesn't want me to!"

"Who is this Jesus?" she will ask. And that little child will lead her!

Every single one of our kindergarten pupils turns "missionary" in one way or another, until in one really awful slum in Okayama the policemen actually said with vast aston-

ishment: "Since that kindergarten came, there isn't nearly as much wickedness. The slum is getting positively safe to live in!"

A little child had led them!

I think we never did a better thing than that. Yet do you know? Many of those kindergartens still must use the queerest makeshift lesson helps, because we keep them short of money—too bad! What had we better do about it?

After *their* five sleeps, the little silkworms of Japan, with the help of Miss Open Sea, Rough River and Miss Tiger, are cheerfully turning into two-thirds of all the silk we Americans use for our neckties, ribbons and dresses; now that we have had *our* five sleeps (the drowsy sleep of Not-Knowing-About-Japan; the thoughtless sleep of Not-Understanding-The-Need-Over-There; the heedless sleep of Forgetting-Our-Share; the foolish sleep of Thinking-Ourselves-Too-Young-To-Help; the selfish sleep of Putting-It-Off-Till-Tomorrow), isn't it high time that we turned ourselves into more churches, more Christian Centers, more teachers, more preachers, more everything else that the Bible means when it says: "The Lord loveth a *cheerful* giver"?





### "FIVE LITTLE PASTORS AND HOW THEY GREW"

If you ever read "Five Little Peppers And How They Grew", you will find it even more interesting to read about these five little *pastors*! Not that they receive a salary or thump a pulpit desk or preach long sermons of a Sunday morning—they leave all such importance to their father, who is Japanese pastor of the Saga church. But the dictionary says that "pastor" means *shepherd*, "shepherd" means *someone who leads sheep*, and the Bible says "other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring that there may be one fold and one shepherd." So surely the Bewitching Five are unconsciously leading the idol worshippers of Saga to see what a happy home a Christian has and what unusual children!

# HONORABLE FANS

*can you remember—*

1. about the silkworm's career?
2. how many Japanese farmers raise them?
3. why little Miss Tiger left home?
4. what her factory life was like?
5. some heavy occupations in which Japanese women are employed?
6. what your church is doing to help?
7. the Bible verse in Matthew 11:28.
8. the words of the hymn: "Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid"?



## VI. BUTTERFLIES AND ABC'S.

*"I like to see her flutter by  
She looks so like a butterfly!"*

WHO? Little Miss Open Sea, of course, in her gay kimono with its big wing-like sleeves. It was rather unkind of me to leave her in that dusky shed with our missionary, in the middle of the last chapter, but when we once had O Tora San on her way to the silk factory the only thing to do was to follow her to the city ourselves. And there was so much to see that we stayed on! But all that time Miss Open Sea was in the midst of the most exciting kind of a family conference.

"I am opposed to it," said grandfather, wagging his head, "Open Sea is far too young."

Grandmother nodded her head in perfect agreement. She always agreed with whatever he said, for that was part of her duty as the Honorable Inside Of His House. But Miss Open Sea's mother had a very strange look on her face, could it be that she was going to

disagree? Oh, unheard-of! Her heart thumped like a sledge hammer, but she actually said in the meekest of voices: "Open Sea may be little as the honorable ones say, but is she not all the daughter we have? We lost our dear precious Tiger through being such innocent country folk, so now that this wonderful chance has opened for our little remaining girl, oh, I beg that we take it! Rough River has the good government High School in the nearby town, but for Open Sea—nothing. The Jesus-Lady is eager to have her. . . . ."

Miss Open Sea stood twisting her fingers anxiously and bobbing absurd little curtsies right and left like a prima donna who is being encored: "Oh please, honorable father! Oh please, honorable grandparents!"

Then grandfather relented: "Well, so be it! I am an old man, I have known sorrow and bitterness and despair. And now I know joy! If I had known sooner this way of the Christians, how different for all of us! If Open Sea keeps her ears wide open she may bring us all a great blessing from that school in the big city. A mission school has more to give than a government school."

"Oh what a fine chance!" cried Rough

River. Bo Chan beat his drum. The little maid servant clapped her hands. The small bobbing prima donna bobbed harder than ever: "Arigato! Arigato! (Thank you!)"

After all of which there was the tremendous business of tying up her extra kimonos and sashes in bundles, for the very next day the missionary would return from inspecting the mission work in the nearby town, and would take Miss Open Sea to the big girls' school in the city.

Miss Open Sea smiled and cried all in one breath, like rainbows and April showers. But the jolting trip by basha quite scrambled her sorrows, so that it was a wistful, joyful little girl who reached the school that evening.

"I won't know anybody to begin on!" she shivered shyly.

"You'll know *me!*" smiled the motherly lady, "and ten minutes later you'll know everybody in sight. You wait!"

And that is how it was: "I'm Apricot!" "I'm Plum Blossom!" "I'm Snowflake!" "I'm Miss Chrysanthemum!" "I am Filial Piety!" "I'm Springtime!"—on and on, until Miss Open Sea was completely surrounded by girls. They all wanted to point out where her



sleeping quilt would be laid! They all wanted to show her where to put her tooth-brush! They all wanted to unpack her kimonos! They all wanted to sit next to her for the evening rice.

"I have ten thousand sisters!" gasped the astonished newcomer, and had no time to be lonesome.

The lovely part about it is that the same thing is happening all over Japan: ten thousand girls in mission schools, learning everything from ABC to cooking. As a matter of fact, the government requires every girl to attend its own public primary schools, but of course you have not forgotten our kindergartens, have you, where the little human butterflies begin their school careers?

"I have it all thought out," laughed Mrs. Missionary, "there are three stages in the life of a butterfly—first they are just chubby little caterpillars crawling around: like our kindergarten babies, you know! Next, they roll themselves up into a bundle of mystery and dream blissful dreams: like our school children, wrapped round and round with Christian facts and fancies. And then, oh then, they come bursting out of that chrysalis,

lovely butterflies—transformed with the glory of that dreaming, eager to test their wings: like our graduates!”

And that is just the way it really is,—all that our missionaries pack into the chrysalis of school life emerges glorified when the graduates spread their wings and flit north, south, east, and west for their homes in Japan. But before that time of flitting arrives, oh what lessons to be learned! What sums to be added! What maps to be traced! What superstitions to be erased! What morals to be learned! What parents to be won!

*“Every girl in school means an open door into that girl’s home for the missionary.”*

On my desk are a dozen of the dearest letters you ever read from real school girls in Japan. Surely you will love to read some of them and see for yourself not only what good English they have learned to write, but how deeply they appreciate the mission schools you and I have built for them:—

Sueda Sakiyo writes this: “My dear school is very simple and pretty and the garden is pretty, too. The green lawn covers it. Different beautiful pink and crimson roses and trees are there. These pretty things make my heart

happy. I am proud that my school was built by God. There is no comparison between it and other schools (government). My school means instruction for the mind and also the development of character. My school is Christian. Therefore every morning we meet in the chapel and we hear many talks from the Bible. We sing the beautiful hymns together and pray. God brought me to this school. Therefore, I know the true God. This is the happy thing for me."

Hisako Kyamogawa writes: "Our teachers in this school take care of us very hard. They lead us to the way of right and they love us just like the father and mother love their children. They teach us many lessons about Jesus' life with all their might. In such a way they teach us very hard to be good and noble girls. When I go out in the world I want to work very hard and become successful woman. And I want my school improving little by little and more and more."

This is what Mutsu Kinugasa has to say: "Mother went to Himeji and asked three girls' school. When mother came back home she said to me, 'I am very glad for I found a very good school. It is the Hinomoto Girls'

School.' As soon as she said this I was very angry and replied, 'No, mother! I do not want to go to such a school, because my friends will laugh at me, for it is a mission school.' After a while mother was wiping her face, and said to me, 'Silence, Mutsu! I will tell you about this school. When I went to the school the teacher was very kindly to me, and all the students looked very happy. The school was very pretty. Therefore I hope to send you to that school. You must not complain of it.'

"In such a way I came to this school. School was very pretty and all the teachers were kindly to us, but I was not so happy. Then after two or three months were over, I came to like this school gradually, for I know God. Three American ladies were kind to us. I thought they were very faithful to God. If they stayed in America people would give honor to them, but Japan is so far from America. Our language is so hard to them. But they study very hard for us, and they work very, very diligent. When I saw it I often wept and thought to myself how I am idle girl. But now I became better than before, for I am a daughter of God. I am always thankful to God. It is for this, I love study in the Christian School."



*Every morning the  
Japanese Christian  
father says:*

**B**ehold the Book!  
**I**nvestigate the Book!  
**B**elieve the Book!  
**L**ive the Book!  
**E**xtend the Book!

*Every evening the  
Japanese Christian  
mother says:*

**B**lessed  
**I**nformation  
**B**ringing  
**L**ife  
**E**ternal!

(And I think Little Miss Flower, at the right, is saying "Arigato"! to you and to me: "Thank you! Thank you for the Book!")



Thank you for the book  
 saying "African" in the title  
 (And I think I will write a  
 book on the subject)

Japanese Christian  
 father says  
 I have the book

I have the book  
 I have the book  
 I have the book  
 I have the book

Behold the book  
 Investigate the book  
 Behold the book  
 I have the book  
 Examine the book

Thank you for the book  
 saying "African" in the title  
 (And I think I will write a  
 book on the subject)

Thank you for the book  
 saying "African" in the title  
 (And I think I will write a  
 book on the subject)

This letter from Fujiye Tamiya (Wistaria) was written to her teacher who had returned to America: "There comes a voice of low crying and a sound of soft weeping at the gate of the garden. No man is crying and no woman is weeping there. No, but the opening Wistaria has dropped its heavy head and given way to grief, and the color seems deep and dark. What is the matter with it?

"If you ask the winds that are tossing and playing with her, the winds may groan in sorrow. Ask the flowers, and they will only shed the dewdrops from their beautiful eyes. Or ask the birds, and they will chirp in sadness.

"Seven years ago the very first work of the gardener was to take charge of that weeping Wistaria. During these years the gardener has faithfully watched and kept the vine. Very often it was necessary to cut the ungainly branches, and sometimes some parts had to be pruned to put it in good condition. Many days and nights were passed sleeplessly to watch and protect the vine when the winds came heavy upon it. But, O Lord, Thou takest away that tender, true, kind, motherly gardener from it; for a while the vine cannot under-

stand why, nor be comforted. But is it right for the Wistaria to shut its flowers and only grieve? Does it forget the season, and refuse to have flowers next spring, because its gardener is not at home? God forbid! It will keep its nature and its love, and at the time of parting bow its head and pray—

“O Lord, keep watch between us, and keep her safe in every land, and give her comfort wherever she goes. Command, O Lord, the winds to play softly. And let the waves be still till she returns again.

“God bless her and comfort her, and may she have good rest in her native land. I will be good and patient till she returns, and when she comes again I will welcome with my white smiles. I thank you for your tender and kind charge of me. Remember me whenever you see Wistaria at home. Now, go in peace; goodbye, goodbye.

“To dear Miss Converse from her dear Child,

Fujiye Tamiya.”

Boys are going to schools, too, as this letter proves: “When I come to honorable school I was unwise boy, I think their God was Methodist. But He was not Methodist. It was the



same God for everybody. On vacation times when I step home I told all this at my uncle, priest in Buddhist temple, but he swish yellow sleeves and laugh, until once when he lay rice before the Buddha and rats step up and devouring the same. Then I say 'Buddha not much god to let rat make this big eat.' He was silenced over my remarks. Then I introduce him Bible, so now he is more silenced. Methodist school give me new backbone." (The name of this boy cannot be found, but it lies in my mind that the boy was not a regular pupil but engaged to help in the kitchen, where he found time to study. All honor to this Japanese Sir Gareth of the Round Table, who also served in a kitchen.)

You will see from the above, that many of the scholars are not Christians when they enter, and although the majority of them accept the new religion which is so simple and warm and kind, yet many of the graduates who never "joined the church" are living very Christian lives. Miss Gertrude Heywood, of St. Margaret's Episcopal School in Tokyo, tells of one such girl named Taka Kawai who graduated from her school; the younger sister Asa was also in the school. Their father kept

a *machi-ai*, a tea-house in name, but actually such an immoral place that the two sisters objected to living on money earned in such a way, now that the school ideals had shown them the beauty of purity and Christian wholesomeness. They told their parents that they would prefer to live in poverty if only the wicked business could be given up. They were so utterly in earnest that the *machi-ai* was actually abandoned, and the family moved into a tiny little house, as the very poor might rent. Such a sacrifice shows how real their Christian ideals had become to them, and although they did not join the church, here is a post card written by the younger sister one very hot summer:

“Dear My Teacher Miss Heywood,

“How are you? I am safe and well. I think now you are in Hakone. I do not know the address of Hakone. Hakone is cool? Tokyo is very hot and weather is also bad. I am afraid that my grandmother is sick again. So this summer I cannot go anywhere. But I am not sorry. I am sure that God must care my grandmother's sickness. I read Bible half of an hour in every morning and I know God. So though my grandmother is sick I am very

happy. Please delight for me. I wish to do good deeds after this. This season is bad, please take good care. Goodbye,

A. Kawai."

Every Sunday the Christian girls in those mission boarding schools of ours go out and teach little Sunday-schools which they themselves have started among the poor neglected street children. It is so easy to gather them in, for they love the music, they love the picture scrolls, they love the stories and they love their girl-teachers!

They have many interesting arguments about religion in our boarding-schools. Miss Open Sea will never forget the Buddhist pupil whose name really ought to have been The Girl-Who-Kept-Her-Ears-Shut. She was so desperately afraid that she would hear something Christian and be converted! She adopted a sarcastic tone of voice about every Christian thing, and one day, after her Flower Arrangement Class, she boasted to the American teacher who had stopped to admire the Japanese teacher's work: "You see, we like *one* flower artistically arranged; we think your American combination of a hundred flowers is very false art."

American teacher (gently): "We like *one* God; we think your Japanese combination of forty thousand gods is a very false religion. Our Saviour is as fragrant as a flower, our Bible has a dozen lovely names for Him—'The Lily of the Valley,' 'The Rose of Sharon,' 'The One Altogether Lovely.' I wish you might know him, dear!"

"Ah!" cried the Buddhist girl, for her ears were wide open this time, and she was startled by the appeal. She was afraid that she really was becoming interested.

When Miss Open Sea went home for the holidays she was telling this to Rough River, and he told her a curiously similar conversation which he had just heard when a missionary passed through the nearby town on tour and was interrupted in his sermon by a Shintoist who shouted: "We have thousands of gods in Japan; it is unreasonable for you to talk about your One-and-Only-God. The world would go to sixes and sevens if there were not a special god for the ocean, a god for the wind, a god for the rice, and so forth."

Rough River said the missionary closed his eyes for a moment: "I tell you what I think, I think he was praying to God for the right

answer! For when he looked up again, he said: 'Is there a carpenter present?' "

"Yes," said a man in the crowd, "I am a carpenter."

"How many tools have you?" asked the missionary.

The carpenter hemmed and hawed very bashfully: "I am only a poor fellow," he said, "very unskillful. I have only twenty-five tools."

"And can you use them all?"

"Why, yes, of course I can!"

"Then listen to me—God is the Infinite One, He made all things. Even a man can handle twenty-five tools and feel no confusion in their use. Well, God made the sun as His tool to give heat and light. He made the moon as a similar tool for use at night. The wind and the rain are also His tools to cause the rice, the grapes, the pine and the bamboo to grow. A separate carpenter is not needed for every tool any more than a separate god is needed for every element of nature."

Miss Open Sea smiled delightedly: "What a clever, clever answer! God *did* help him."

Rough River nodded: "I'm going to be a Christian preacher myself when I grow up."

But when Rough River consulted a missionary and found what years of study it would take he looked very crestfallen: "Oh, I don't believe I could ever stick at it!"

But the missionary said: "Just let me tell you the true story of a blind boy named Ishimatsu (Pine-Tree-Out-Of-A-Rock). *Tap! Tap-i-tap!* sounded his little stick down the street one day as he started to investigate a curious sound which he had never heard before—an organ! The organ in the first Lutheran church ever built in Japan. He not only loved the Christian music, but he loved the Christian God, and on the day when he was baptized he said: 'I am not blind any more, I have found the Light of The World!' "

"My grandfather is blind, too, and that's just what *he* says!" Rough River interrupted. Then he listened breathlessly to the rest of the story, for it seems that before very long the blind boy went to his missionary and said: "I want to be a preacher and tell others this good news."

"But you are blind, Ishimatsu San," the missionary said, "there are no Christian books for the blind Japanese, not even a Bible. Preachers have to study, you know, and you would not have any books."

But you don't suppose *that* stopped him, do you? He simply went to a store, bought a great pile of Japanese pasteboard and a long Japanese pin. Then he asked a friend to read the Bible aloud to him beginning with verse one, and at every single word that blind boy pricked the pasteboard as fast as he could, and when he was through he merely had to turn the pasteboard over, feel his way with his fingers across the raised prickings and read every word! *He was making a Bible for the blind.*

He pricked and pricked and pricked until summer turned into fall, and fall turned into winter. The pile of pasteboard grew higher and higher, until finally the Bible was done. Then he pricked a hymn book for the blind and a Common Service Book, after which he went to Dr. Lippard, the missionary, to show his achievements: "My ears are so good at listening, don't you think I could take down all my teachers might say with my pasteboard and pin? Don't you think I can study to be a preacher?"

"I do!" Dr. Lippard answered enthusiastically, and that is how—with pasteboard and pin—Rev. Mr. Ishimatsu received his theological course.

"Where is he now?" Rough River asked breathlessly.

"Today he is pastor of the Lutheran church in the city of Kumamoto. Men call him The-Preacher-Who-Always-Smiles, which amazes the Buddhists and Shintoists so much that they wonder anew at the Christian's God. I think that if a *blind* boy could study under such difficulties, you, with two good eyes, could certainly do it, also."

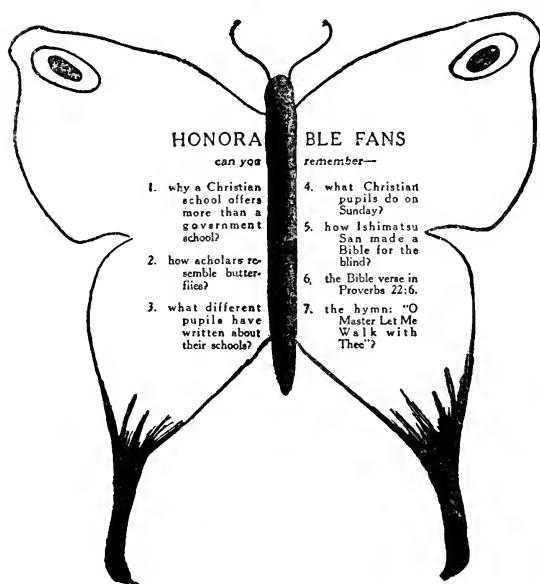
"Yes," nodded Rough River, "I'm *sure* that I could!"

We shall have to leave them here—Miss Open Sea, in the chrysalis stage of school, getting ready to spread her butterfly wings and carry the story of Jesus to others who never have heard it; Rough River, learning to be like the carp who swims against the strongest currents; grandfather, filled with "peace-like-a-river," beautiful, calm, and contented; while as for Bo Chan.....

Only day-before-yesterday Bo Chan patted the missionary-lady's arm when she came on her annual trip by basha, and with a wistful little squint at her dear face he asked: "Is Jesus still too poor to let you live in our town all the time now?"



As she gathered him up into her arms, she whispered into his tea-rose ear.....well, *what* do you suppose she had to tell him, Honorable Fans?









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